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EVE'S WEEKLY

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THE BATTL
OVER
ABORTION
THE U.S.A.
A REPORT

BRAVERY
REWARDE
A PROFILE
OF KALPA
DATTA

The Controlled Diabetic:

He's better off.

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Many Diabetics have learned to live-and live well-with diabetes. They control and manage their diabetes so that they are less susceptible to complications linked with injury or other general health problems. Controlled Diabetics can perform most of the activities performed by non-diabetics.

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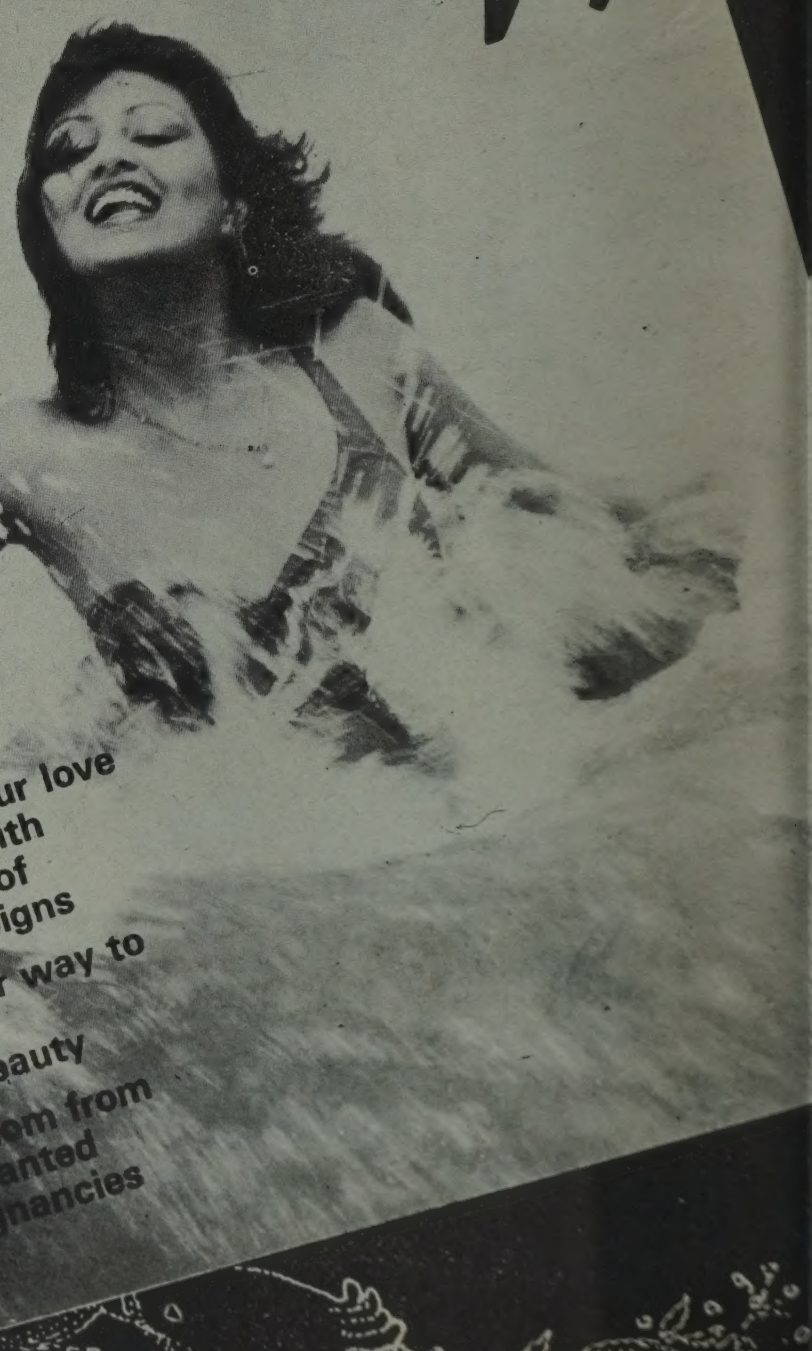
WHAT DOES 1980 HOLD FOR YOU?

Freedom & Beauty!

EVE'S ANNUAL '79



Daring looks to lead you astray!

Be free on the beaches of Goa

Newest concepts in Eye Care

Choose your love Partner with the help of Zodiac Signs

Eat your way to Health and Beauty

Freedom from unwanted pregnancies

Edited by
SHANTI CHOPRA

COMING OUT SOON

Eve's Weekly

VOL. XXXIII NO. 45, BOMBAY NOV. 10—16, 1979

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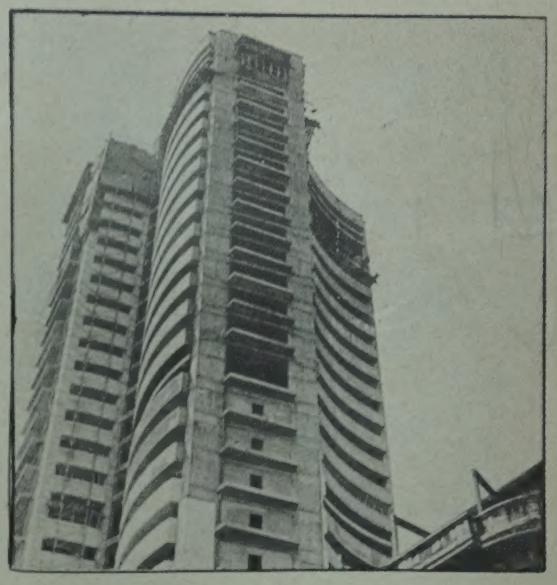
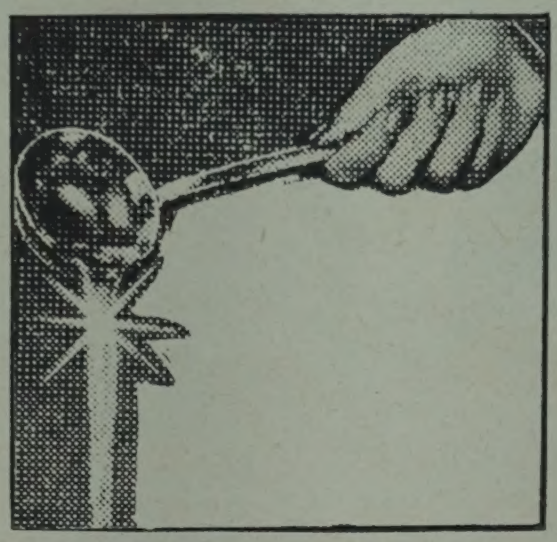
THIS WEEK

BEATING THE INFLATION

The rupee today can buy only what 25 paise bought in 1960. These are hard times indeed and individuals have to make the best of whatever resources are available to them. Investing in the share market could be one way. A guide through the maze of stocks and shares.
Page 10.





EDIBLE OILS : INDIGESTIBLE PRICES

Every person who manages a house knows what a big dent oils make in the household budget. Besides that, there are many conflicting reports about what oils are good and what are not. A thorough examination of the matter of fat.
Page 52.

THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE

A fierce battle is raging in the U.S. between the "Right to Life" advocates who oppose abortion and people who believe that the right to choose whether or not to bear children is a very personal human right.
Page 19.

BRAVERY REWARDED

Kalpana Datta, a heroine of the freedom struggle, was recently honoured with the Veer Mahila Award for her courageous actions in the pre-independence days. A profile.
Page 17.

ALSO

Women in Focus : Rupam Nangia and Sarah Philip — **Page 31** Vishranthi : A home or the aged — **Page 43** Snug As A Bug : A hooded sweater for the winter — **Page 47** Film Interview : Naseeruddin Shah — **Page 51.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Beauty/**23**, Comics/**25**, Fashion/**28**, Young Viewpoint/**34**, Cookery/**36**, True Confession/**44**, Heart to Heart/**56**, In My Own Write/**57**, Frankly Speaking/**59**, People & Events/**60**, Horoscope/**62**.

It's her year... she deserves a special gift...

The Gift of Faith

Sometimes your children take your breath away. A wave of happiness engulfs you. At the sight of one little hand offering you a flower. At the touch of baby-soft arms around your neck. At a glance at their incredibly long lashes sweeping their cheeks as they sleep like little angels. And in that intense joy, you can't help but believe in the goodness of a Divine Being. Someone who has created such perfection.

Pass this precious belief to your children. Their childhood is the time to mould their characters. And shape their destinies. Give them the gift of an unshakeable faith that will help and guide them their whole lives through.

Parents!
Help your child enter Carona's unique "Paint-by-Post" Contest absolutely free. There are 6 cash prizes and 50 consolation prizes to be won. For more details, collect your child's entry coupon from any Carona Footwear Retail Shop nearest to you. The last date for entry is 31st December '79.

Carona Cares

A tribute to children
in the International Year of the Child.

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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

FILL THEIR BELLIES

There is a little boy about six years old, the son of a sweeper, living behind our house. He is cute and intelligent. He seems to be enjoying life. Early in the morning he drags his sack of toys (broken tins, etc.) and runs to play under the shade of a tree, where his younger brother joins him. Both his parents work and the two boys are left to play as they wish. I asked the boy if he would like to go to school; he looked shocked and replied with an emphatic "no". There are three other boys who live nearby. Every morning they dress in their clean shirts and march to work at a tea stall. They get free lunch and Rs. 2 per day plus the usual tips. In the evening they return home laughing and happy. Because of their earnings the family eats well and on Sundays, they have meat as a special treat. I see little urchins who work at motor repair shops, their clothes black with oil and dirt, but their spirits high. They earn quite a bit for their tender age, like the three boys at the tea stall.

I have also seen poverty-stricken parents denying themselves to educate their young. The schools they can afford hardly do a good job. The home environment in the dirty slums is hardly conducive to learning and the poverty of their parents does not give them proper nourishment, hence on a starving belly all learning is wasted. If a few do go through school or even college there is no future for them. They now want white collar jobs which will hardly employ their types and they are no longer willing to carry on their ancestral profession which, though lowly, can now help their starving families. It is all very well to offer scholarships and reserve seats, but in the ultimate analysis the greatest good a nation like India can do for its poor is to give them decent homes to live in, and cheap food. Once they start living like human beings the desire for learning will also come. But let us not put the cart before the horse.

DORIS FREY, Bareilly

While it is true that food and shelter are prime requirements, education cannot must not, be neglected. Young, pliable minds thrive on learning — it is another kind of nourishment which cannot be ignored or withheld.

2nd PRIZE

REPRESSED SOCIETY

Recently I suffered an experience which I had been warned of but had avoided during my previous visits to India. My husband (a keen photographer) and myself had joined the large crowd at Chowpatty Beach on the final day of the Ganapati Festival. In order to take a close-up photograph of a magnificent Ganesh statue, we ventured into the crowd. Unfortunately we did not see the police beating people back from the statue and became caught up in their retreat. In the ensuing turmoil I suffered the indignity of being bodily assaulted.

This incident, occurring as it did during an important religious festival, is indicative of a deep-rooted sexual repression amongst India's urbanised youth. I feel that restrictions placed on relationships between young people, no doubt by well-meaning parents, the dowry system and the arrangement of marriages, are chiefly responsible for this repression and its associated frustrations — the high incidence of prostitution in the city would appear to be a related manifestation of this problem.

It is high time these medieval practices were removed so that the youth of India may experience the joys of a courtship of their own choice, free from guilt and the pecuniary concerns of their parents.

CAROLIE WILSON
Australia

There is no doubt that sexual repressions and frustrations are behind the kinky sex behaviour of Indian youth. Women, as 'property' and second-class citizens, thus become the worst sufferers. You, at least, have tried to analyse the 'malady'. Most foreigners do not understand the root cause and dismiss Indian men as bestial, unmannerly and irritatingly unsophisticated.

3rd PRIZE

SCREEN STORIES

It has now been widely accepted in the fields of publicity, advertising, education and social reform, that films have a unique place in the modern world. Perhaps no other medium is as powerful as our films, when it comes to imbibing some principle or making an impression on society. I have often read with great interest many of the woes of our womenfolk, their views on several subjects, their constant demand for more liberty for our women. Then, there are various magazines which publish articles and stories about what our women demand from society. I wonder why our film producers do not take up such human interest stories which can create a permanent impression on the members of our society. I strongly appeal to the various women's associations in our country to collect their views and the personal experiences of their members and pass them on to magazines like Eve's Weekly, who can frame socially-oriented short stories out of them. These can be sent to film producers, asking them to see whether a social theme can be woven out of the material. I am sure if such film stories are brought to the screen, many families will be able to correct their outlook in life. Vis-a-vis the relations between husband and wife, between son and father, between daughter and mother, between daughter-in-law and mother-in-law. I honestly feel that what we read in a woman's magazine, if brought on the screen, will have a tremendous impact on our society.

PRATIBHA HARSOLE
Indore

Some enlightened, concerned producers do go through women's magazines like Eve's Weekly, for story-ideas. The Rajshri people are ever alert to this "ideal source", and B. R. Chopra, too, has been known to contact writers of these stories.

NO TIME FOR BOREDOM

So many women are often heard to say "What to do in the evenings? We get bored." Then why not form a get-together with friends once or twice a week, where you can have some cultural and recreative activities to while away the time? Life offers many a gift for enjoyment and pastime like music, singing, indoor games, leading aloud by turn, needlework — or you can even learn something new from one another.

All such activities are refreshing to the mind and could lead to a good purpose. There are clubs and gymkhanas but all can't afford to be members. So form your own 'Recreation Hall' in rotation, at each other's homes. Have a variety of entertainment to feed and delight the mind and heart. You will feel fresh instead of getting bored!

F. D., Pune

Learning 'something new' can keep a keen, enthusiastic, talented woman ever fresh We would recommend our own Special Issue on Do-It-Yourself Crafts (Nov. 3) to women who have this problem of 'nothing-to-do'

She's old enough to know the truth...
Only a mother's love will tell

Tell the intimate truth about growing up. Tell the truth about that time of month. Tell the truth about sanitary napkins. Not just any sanitary napkin. Comfit.

Comfit...extra absorbent, extra light, extra soft with no embarrassing bulges to remind you. And Comfit is made under clinically sterile conditions in India's most modern, automatic plant to give you protection against infections caused by bacteria contaminated hand-made sanitary napkins. Totally flushable too. Use Comfit, the international brand name, of Christine Hoden of Sweden. Use Comfit and forget you're using it with the assurance of total protection.

ENTER THE Comfit AGE

READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

THE DOWRY MENACE

I have gone through Subhadra Butalia's article, "The Police and Dowry Murders: An Exercise in Denial" (September 22). It is high time the dowry evil was studied from a clear angle and the law made stricter to deal with both the giver and the taker. When persuasion has gone unheeded and social scientists have failed to curb this evil by awakening human conscience, it is expedient that the government step in to stamp it out legally.

KARUNA, Secunderabad.

FAMILY COURTS

"Justice delayed is justice denied" may be the seed behind the idea of Family Courts (September 22). At a time when cumbersome and money-spinning legal procedures block the smooth passage of justice, the concept of family courts may be hailed as the only way out. But, unless it is made time-bound and higher appeals are restricted, this court too will fall in line with other courts. Moreover, the issues to be decided in these courts are very sensitive and personal in nature, and a clause should be added to ensure that the case is heard strictly in camera and that, as far as possible, professional advocates are kept off.

K. S. RAMAN, New Delhi.

A LONG HISTORY

Kamlesh Nischol, in her article, "The Great Decision" (September 29) displays the typical male chauvinistic attitude, especially where she states, "Today when laws protect women from infliction of physical and mental cruelty, the fact that they themselves accept the atrocities is evidently a sign of their own weaknesses." I hope that after reading the article, "The Police and Dowry Murders — An Exercise in Denial" by Subhadra Butalia (September 22), the writer has realized her mistake. The writer should also understand that the effects of a long history of slavish and dependent existence cannot be wiped off overnight without the framing of new rules and an improvement in social conditions.

For this reason, I request you to publish more articles on those communities wherein women have been exposed to equal freedom and privileges or less male domination from the beginning—e.g. the Nairs of the last century, the Arapesh tribe of New Guinea, investigated by Margaret Mead, etc., with special emphasis on the general character-traits of the women of these communities, which will make it clear to all that it is our dominantly patriarchal society and not woman's inherent nature that has reduced her to a weakling.

DR. USHA V. PADIYAR, Baroda.

BRAVE WOMEN

The article on "India's First Woman Martyr" by Satyavrata Ghosh (September 22) was absorbing. It brought back memories of another person, Suniti Chowdhary, who shot dead a British collector at the absurdly young age of ten and who was saved from deportation by Mahatma Gandhi.

As a girl of fourteen, I was given tuitions by her in return for the financial help my father extended her for her studies. Rarely have I seen such a fascinating blend of determination, courage, affection and humour in a person. My association with her for four years has left an indelible impression in my mind. Surely India can be proud of its illustrious daughters like Preetilata and Suniti.

VISALAKSHI SEETHAPATHY, N. Delhi

NEXT WEEK

THE OILY STORY

Oil makes the world go round and drives us all round the bend, what with escalating prices and inconvenient shortages. A thorough investigation into the background.

THE LPG PROBLEM

The near-impossibility of getting a new cooking gas connection and the interminable waiting period between cylinders are all well-known. What exactly is the problem? A detailed report.

THE SON SYNDROME

It is natural to experience curiosity and suspense about the sex of the baby, but the pressures on a woman to bring home a son are needlessly traumatic. A personal experience.

KNOW YOUR TWO-WHEELER

All about the care and maintenance of bi-peds.

ALSO

Is divorce the answer to unhappy marriages?

Plus all our regular features.

GET THE INFLATION BEFORE IT GETS YOU

ESCAPING FROM THE JAWS OF INFLATION

What would you do if a soothsayer prophesised that by the end of 1979 two rupees will be required to buy what one rupee buys today?

Would you continue to deposit your savings in a bank, where the value of your money will steadily depreciate regardless of the nominal 5 per cent interest? Or, would you buy bullion, firm in the knowledge that your investment cannot be eroded by the passage of time? Or, perhaps you would go on a spending binge, knowing that it's better to buy up things now (that tanchoi sari, that T.V. set you always dreamed of) than to have to pay double or treble the price later?

Inflation makes fools and desperados of almost everyone. The comic-pathetic cyclist of the silent movie era, pedalling furiously on the same spot up a steep slope, only to keep from falling backwards, is symbolic of our desperate attempts to prevent ourselves from falling into the morass of poverty.

Economic experts condemn the faceless monster of deficit financing — 2400 crores this fiscal year — which together with the sharp hike in oil prices, have contributed to the rapid decline in the purchasing power of the rupee.

Since the Indian woman cannot fight the ravages of inflation alone, she has to find a viable alternative to survive. It is shattering to think that in 1980, 300 million Indians will be living in poverty, and that but for the grace of God, and your own wise planning, one of them might be you. It is depressing to note that the rupee in 1979 can buy only what 25 paise bought in 1960, which means that if you lived on Rs. 1000 a month in 1960, you would now require Rs. 4000 just to be able to maintain your old standard of living. Despite job promotions, such wage increases are a dream for most fixed income earners.

Time honoured ways of keeping pace with, or beating inflation, are investing in bullion, land, or growth shares. If you had bought gold in September 1978, you would have had to pay Rs. 760 approximately for 10 grams. Today gold has reached an all time high of about Rs. 1145 per 10 grams. Silver, which was sold at Rs. 1400 a kilo, is today worth about Rs. 2200 per kilo, an increase of Rs. 800! This increase (capital appreciation) is just sufficient to cover the costs of rising prices and keep pace with inflation.

ABOVE: Bombay's Stock Exchange Building, a distinctive city landmark.

RIGHT: Crowds milling around the entrance of the Stock Exchange Building, Bombay.

Preeth I. Biddapa

These are hard times indeed and the end is by no means in sight. In the meantime, individuals have to make the best of whatever resources are available to them. Understanding the share market could help.

The major disadvantage of investing in bullion is that it is a "dead investment" as there is no return on it, or no interest accruing on it, as on a savings bank account or fixed deposit. Even so, a similar investment of Rs. 760 in a fixed deposit at 9 per cent would yield a return of only Rs. 69 per year, and nil capital appreciation.

Investment in land is profitable if the location is well chosen, but legislation like the Urban Land Ceiling Act has posed obstacles for serious investors in real estate. Though land, unlike bullion, yields a return by way of rent, not many can afford to invest huge sums in land or bullion.

Growth shares provide the answer to inflation for the small investor. While allowing capital to appreciate, they yield reasonable returns by way of dividends. Good companies offer dividends ranging from 12 to 20 per cent which are much higher than bank interest rates. Shares possess the added advantage of being easily converted into cash, unlike land or bullion, which do not enjoy the services of an organisation similar to the Stock Exchange which regulates prices of marketable securities and dispenses with haggling and tedious legal documents necessary for the registration and sale of land.

While some investors prefer a steady income on capital unlikely to appreciate, but unlikely to

Trading in progress on the floor of the Bombay Stock Exchange.

depreciate either, others might prefer to buy stocks known for their capital appreciation qualities while sacrificing a substantial rate of dividend. In the long run, the "growth shares" offer the investor a medium of keeping pace with, and if one is clever, beating inflation.

Mr. N. J. Yasaswy provides a good example of how growth shares can beat inflation. A hypothetical investor wanted to invest Rs. 10,000 in 1971. His broker suggested Siemens, which was quoting at Rs. 20 (par value Rs. 10), or Mysore Cements, also priced at Rs. 20 on the share market (par value Rs. 10). If the investor had bought Siemens, his holding of 500 shares would have increased to 1000 shares in 1974, because of bonus shares issued by the company, and to a further 1500 shares in 1976-77. Mysore Cements however, would not have allowed for such remarkable increases in capital, though like Siemens, it would have provided a satisfying rate of dividend. Shares like Siemens, whose market value is now about Rs. 45 per share, are typical of the ability of growth shares to keep pace with inflation.

Instead of distributing profits in large dividends, a moderately reasonable yield was maintained by Siemens, but a substantial amount of profits was ploughed back into the working of the company. Thus, Siemens capitalised its profits by way of bonus shares, as profits had been converted into share capital. Under the present system of income tax, capital gains by way of bonus shares, is preferable to large dividends. Reinvesting profits is an outstanding quality of growth shares.

Shares undergo a growth phase when a company increases its production capacity, sales, and so, its profits. Correspondingly the market value of such shares rises above its par value. Buyers of such shares, therefore stand to benefit. Timing one's investments to coincide with growth phases is the key to capital appreciation. The importance of timing is very evident in the stories of Jothi, Shashi and Kripa's investments.

Jothi, Shashi and Kripa each invested Rs. 12,000 in 1967. Jothi decided to invest her money equally among the shares of Dharamsi Morarji, J. K. Synthetics, Great Eastern Shipping, Union Carbide and Bajaj Auto. She held her shares until 1976, when the market value of her shares increased to Rs. 1.04 lakhs, enabling her to realise a capital gain of Rs. 92,000, — more than eight times her initial investment of Rs. 12,000!

Shashi, however, invested all her money in Union Carbide in 1967, and held it until March 1968, by which time her capital had depreciated by Rs. 2800. Then she invested her funds in Bajaj Auto in 1968 March, and held it until March 1970, when she incurred a further loss of Rs. 125. She re-invested in Dharamsi Morarji in April 1970, and again sold her shares in May 1971, once more suffering a loss of Rs. 1105. She then decided to buy 200 shares of Great Eastern Shipping which she sold in 1974, making a short term gain of Rs. 526. She bought shares in J. K. Synthetics, but was dismayed to find her original capital had depreciated by 15 per cent to Rs. 10250!

Kripa was guided wisely in investment timing strategy by her portfolio manager cum investment consultant. In 1967 she invested her Rs. 12,000 in Dharamsi Morarjee and held those shares until October 1969 when she realised a capital appreciation of 134 per cent. Then she invested her money in Union Carbide and sold it in April 1970 for a capital gain. With her increased funds, she bought shares in Great Eastern Shipping and sold them in March 1974, and she decided to invest in J. K. Synthetics, which she sold in May 1974. So far Kripa had realised a capital gain of Rs. 1.5 lakhs, which she invested in Bajaj Auto in May 1974, and by the end of 1976 she found her investment had doubled to 3.04 lakhs! She had increased her initial investment of Rs. 12,000, 25 times!

Lucky Kripa had identified the growth phases of companies she invested in with the timely advice of her portfolio manager, who considered the following factors as indicative of a likely change for growth in a company's performance:-

1) An expansion in the company's production.

2) Installation of new machinery for new projects.

3) Licence granted by government to produce new products.

4) Improved profits because of sudden rise in demand for the company's products.

5) New management vitalising the company's policies.

6) New services offered by the company.

7) Broadening of existing markets.

8) A monopolistic position enjoyed by the company.

9) A favourable change of government policy in industry.

10) Technological breakthrough by research and development.

11) New collaborations or innovations.

12) Amalgamations or mergers with other companies.

SOME DEFINITIONS

Share capital: When a company embarks on a business venture, it requires money for buying machinery, land and to cover its many cash transactions. This money or capital is available from many sources — 1) the owners' own funds and 2) from outside sources, such as banks, financial institutions, and the investing public. The latter buy shares of the company by subscribing to the "share capital" or paying the company money for a share in its ownership.

There are two kinds of share holders.

Preference Shareholders have only a limited interest in the company's affairs. Regardless of the company's fortunes they are entitled to a fixed rate of dividend, now usually 11 per cent of the share capital subscribed. Hence they are called preferred share holders as even if the company makes a loss they are entitled to their dividend. In the event of liquidation or winding up of a company, they get the first preference for the distribution of the company's assets for the repayment of their share capital. Thus preference shareholders are protected.

Equity Shareholders also known as Ordinary share holders, are the real owners of a company. They have a direct stake in the company. They can make large profits, if the company prospers, or lose their investment if the company loses.

Bonus issues are free issues of shares, bestowed by the company to existing ordinary shareholders, denoting an increase in the company's capital, because of ploughing back profits into the business.

Dividends are the yield or income paid on share capital.

Par Value is the face value of a share.

Market Value is what a share is priced at in the market.

Marketable Securities are investments which can be readily sold or converted into cash on the share market, e.g. (shares, bonds and debentures).

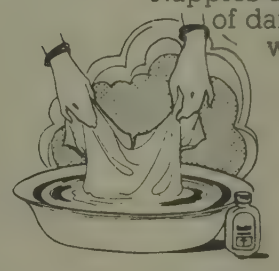
You cannot see your baby's worst enemies

But won't you do something about them?

Your baby spent the first few months of life protected from the harsh environment by your body. Then suddenly, he emerged into a world teeming with dangerous germs and diseases. It takes time for baby's natural defence mechanisms to develop to the stage of being able to fight these germs successfully. That's why you need to take these special precautions to protect your baby.

For nappies, bibs and linen

Nappies and linen can harbour all sorts of dangerous germs. And ordinary water cannot wash these away.



Simply add a little Dettol to your baby's clothes wash. Dettol acts quickly to disinfect your baby's linen, bibs and nappies.

For cots and prams

Germs from the atmosphere are forever settling down on your baby's cot and pram. The presence of left over food particles provides ideal breeding ground for such dangerous bacteria.

Pour a little Dettol into water and wipe down all such potential sources of infection regularly.

For wiping floors

Your baby's first form of movement is crawling on floors. And you know just how unhygenic that could prove to be.

But there is no need to worry. Simply add a little Dettol to the water with which you wipe your floors every day. And keep your baby's environment safe from germs.

FREE! Write in for our free **"Babycare Chart".**

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GET THE INFLATION BEFORE IT GETS YOU

The problems of identifying growth shares and the risk involved in investment, are two obstacles which keep women — both arbitrators of domestic finance and working women — from investing in the share market. Expertise in the intriguing world of commerce, and a thorough knowledge of price movements, it is felt, are required for buying shares successfully. However, a recent amusing experiment conducted by A. Tobias of Esquire magazine proved that a monkey, selecting shares by throwing darts at a list of shares, was likely to be more successful than a professional expert! Choosing profitable shares is only as mindboggling as balancing the household budget these days, but far more rewarding.

In the present undecided political climate, most cautious investors are marking time until the mid-term poll decides who will be the moulders of the country's destiny. Half-baked quasi-socialistic policies that attempt to compel the rich to get poorer by a confiscatory tax structure, and the poor to get malnourished, are cruel curbs on investment. Rising prices of essential commodities that soar beyond the common man / woman's pocket, suppress demand, slacken production, and hence subdue the sensitive share market. Once a strong leadership emerges to steer the country's economy with progressive policies, it is certain the stock market will be the first to register its optimism.

SOME TIPS TO PROSPECTIVE INVESTORS

Wise investment in share capital enables investors to maintain a decent standard of living despite the inflation which is certain to haunt us till kingdom come. Inflation eats into the purchasing power of money compelling many to lower standards of living year after year. Shrewd investors can succeed in their battle against inflation by following a few simple guidelines.

The first and most important objective is to protect one's capital by preventing it from decreasing in its purchasing power. Otherwise, one might as well buy goods now, when they are cheaper than what they will be ten years hence. Unfortunately, such a policy does not yield any interest or dividend-income to sustain one over the years. Hence the need for understanding and guarding the real value of capital (money), or what it will buy. Income from invested capital should be attractive enough to keep pace with rising costs. An ideal investment should combine income increase, along with a steady rate of capital increase, thus providing for real growth or real purchasing power.

Most investors belong to one of two categories: 1) Investors for a substantial income, and 2) Investors for capital growth. The difference between them is the time factor. While investors for capital growth are prepared to wait for their holdings to grow, investors for income are more anxious for a maximum possible return in the minimum period of time. The latter usually depend solely on monthly or yearly yield to subsist on. Safety of capital for both types of Investors however, has to be the overriding consideration to prevent a possible loss of investment in high yielding but risky ventures. To the experienced investor, an unusually high rate of dividend, or interest, is a sign of danger.

Investors who have little or no capital to cope with the demands of inflation should start out with a plan for coping with the exigencies of the future. One way to start is to set aside a definite portion of one's funds every month into a savings account, until a substantial amount is saved.

This fund can then be used for playing the share market. Those who look upon share investment as a gamble can profit by buying shares with a proven record for growth rather than buying new issues which are yet to prove themselves profitable. The heavy demand for FERA shares stems from this reasoning. FERA or Foreign Exchange Regulations Act of the Government of India, has compelled multi-national companies to offer their shares to reduce their holdings in India, to 40 per cent of the share capital by sale to the Indian public at a price invariably well below their market price. Because of their proven record, FERA shares are heavily oversubscribed.

At the basis of all investment is the concept of yield, or return on one's investment. "Yield is merely a measure of what your money can buy at current prices." For example, if you buy a Rs. 100 share for Rs. 100, and it yields a dividend of 15 per cent, your yield would be 15 per cent. However, if you paid Rs. 120 for a Rs. 100 share, you would calculate your yield as only 12½ per cent.

No time for a proper lunch — road-side vendors do a brisk trade in this area.

In calculating yield on ordidary shares, the rate of dividend of the last year is taken. However, last year's dividend may not be a sure indicator of future dividends, which is the risk element in buying ordinary shares. Such risks can be minimised, however, if the investor looks to the past record of the company's dividends, present management, and thus gauges future trends. High earnings are possible by a company's aggressive Research and Development policies as well as a dynamic management.

The dangers of putting all one's eggs in the same basket is most evident in the share market. A good diversified portfolio, by spreading one's investments to cover various industries, enables the investor to offset the profits from one industry against the losses in another. Moreover, comparison of various companies in the same industry, gives the investor a better picture of the likely profitability. Investors should therefore decide on the intrinsic merit of a company (growth record, type of management) and then view it against the background of prevailing market conditions, before buying its shares.

Another requirement necessary for the average investor is the quality of patience. She should be prepared to wait for at least 3-5 years for her capital to grow. Looking daily at the price quotations in the newspapers, and indulging in panic-induced buying and selling will get one nowhere, but only increase one's brokerage charges. The share market is highly volatile, and share prices of even companies with sound finances fall when changes occur in the political and economic scene.

But patience should by no means deteriorate into complacency. If an industry's fortunes decline, an investor should be bold enough to sell out for a small loss, and switch over to other shares instead of incurring greater losses later. To be really successful therefore, an investor has to be constantly vigilant over her portfolio by keeping herself informed and aware of developments likely to have repercussions on her holdings.

When new issues are announced, the investor will do well to read the editorial comments of conservative financial newspapers. Much can also be gauged of the character of the com-

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pany's management by noting the sponsors to the issue and satisfying oneself about their integrity and financial reliability.

Finally, the selection of a sound broker, who is willing to act as an investment consultant, is of paramount importance. Large and dependable investment companies, and firms of brokers are listed in the prospectus of new issues, especially FERA ones. Unscrupulous sharks abound in the market, ready to lure the unwitting investor with tempting but dubious proposals to make you part with your money for overnight riches that will never materialise!

With these broad facts in mind, the investor who is patient, and prepared to spend a little time and effort towards tending her securities, will find herself far more able to live comfortably with the rising costs of inflation, than one who regards investments in the tricky world of commerce as an exercise in futility.

THE FASCINATING WORLD OF SPECULATION

The fascinating world of speculation can prove a disaster to the common man or woman. Considered by many as a specialised form of gambling, most of the trading on the Stock Exchange is done by speculators. Unlike the investor, who considers long term investment for a steady income and for capital appreciation, the speculator indulges in brisk short-term activity. Unconcerned about growth in income or capital, the main aim of the speculator is to make a fast buck by cashing in on price fluctuations.

Speculation, unlike investment, is not meant for the amateur investor. It requires a million thought processes that combine varying pieces of information, ranging from inside information about a company's finances, production or management, to the latest political crisis.

Depending on his ability to deduce correctly, the speculator makes or loses his fortune.

Since speculation requires a high degree of skill for making money by reasoning out investment trends before other investors do so, speculators cannot afford to be swayed by emotion. Many ordinary investors refuse to sell out their holdings ever when they find prices falling rapidly in the hope, based on sentiment, that their shares will turn the corner. Successful speculators do not base their hard headed decisions on such wishful thinking.

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Indeed, they are a breed apart from us, ordinary mortals, for whom even the small element of risk inherent in the investment in equity shares smacks of speculation. The main difference between speculation and investment is that whereas speculators purchase or sell shares with the idea of making quick and large profits from the fluctuations in prices, the investors buy shares to earn a steady income.

As exciting as it is dangerous, in speculation you sell what you do not possess and buy what you sold, to pocket the difference. Otherwise known as forward trading, this practice remains rather incomprehensible to the novice investor.

The speculator buys shares usually with borrowed funds, with the primary intention of selling them at a profit immediately afterwards. Or, he sells shares which he does not own to buy back the same when the price falls. The differences in prices gives the speculator his windfall. If unfortunately a speculator does not gauge price movements accurately, he might find himself landed with shares which instead of rising in price, keep falling, preventing him from selling at a higher price. Since he usually has not bought the shares in the first place with his own capital, he stands to lose heavily, and can, if he is feckless become bankrupt.

Though speculation has been condemned as mere gambling, it has its uses. Since speculators are directly responsible for an upswing or downward trend in prices, they make the Stock Exchange a barometer for other more cautious investors. By noting the general trend, investors are informed of investment possibilities When the market is bullish, optimistic speculators (bulls) buy up shares hoping to reap profits when share prices escalate. If the market is bearish, pessimistic speculators tend to unload shares. Their activity thus serves as a useful guide about when to buy and when not to buy.

The economic utility of the speculator lies in his innumerable dealings in shares which in turn creates a free (of restraints) market, where an investor can buy or sell shares on terms favourable to him. Speculators establish a continuous market — a market where an investor can always find a buyer or seller of stock, during business hours, at prices which differ minimally from the current price. This is possible as there are enough speculators ready to risk buying or selling shares for the investor even if the shares are not in their actual possession. They are considerably sure of actually buying the shares later (at a profit to themselves) when it is time for delivery of the shares to the investor who initially wanted to buy.

Moreover, speculators indirectly help a company to raise finance through the medium of the Stock Exchange, because of their direct interest in making a profit through price fluctuations later.

Hectic trading activity is indulged in by speculators to take advantage of trading accounts. These trading accounts are periods of time before the close of which speculators must settle their dues. A speculator therefore participates in as many deals of buying and selling shares (which he does not possess) to take maximum advantage of price fluctuations within the given time.

Like gambling, speculation is a mug's game for the amateur, and best left to the professional who, because of his business acumen — sharpened by constant honing on the Stock Exchange — is able to predict price changes with considerable accuracy.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A STOCKBROKER

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Continued on page 41

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FIREBRAND REVOLUTIONARY

KALPANA DATTA

Like Preetilata Waddedar ("Eve's Weekly", Sept. 22, 1979), Kalpana Datta, now Joshi, too, would have been a martyr. She could have been hanged with her leader, Surya Sen, and colleague, Tarakeshwar Dastidar They were tried together in the Chittagong Armoury Second Supplementary Case. But while the two men received the death penalty and were hanged, Kalpana was sentenced to transportation for life.

On September 24, 1932 Preetilata became India's first woman martyr after the successful assault on the Pahartali European Club in Chittagong. It was a unique coincidence that her companion, Kalpana, who was chosen as joint leader of the same heroic action, received the award of Veer Mahila in Pune on the September 24, 1979. The award instituted in the memory of Sunderbai Bhopatkar, a Freedom fighter herself, comprised a citation and Rs. 500 in cash.

The history of Kalpana's heroism takes us back to the beginning of the third decade of this century. On April 18, 1930. the Indian Revolutionary Movement recorded its most outstanding achievement. A handful of resolute revolutionaries, all young and many in their teens, captured the two armouries and the telephone and telegraph offices at Chittagong, the picturesque seaside town of the then eastern Bengal. The leader was Surya Sen, popularly known as "Masterda." For full four days the British administration had ceased to exercise its authority.

Then there followed a long-drawn battle between unequals. On one side there were the handful of young revolutionaries armed with a few revolvers and muskets in hand, not trained at all for any regular warfare, not even of the guerilla type, and on the other was the regular. well equipped British Army, now greatly reinforced after the Armoury Raid.

Yet, the inspired and intrepid band of patriots offered prolonged resistance and as British imperial prestige was being badly tarnished, the Administration became ever more ruthless.

Most of the top leaders were arrested at various places and brought to Chittagong to stand their trial. But they were always in communication with the leader who was in hiding outside. Inside the jail the daredevils planned a spectacular get away. Dynamite was manufactured on a large scale and some of it smuggled inside the jail to blow up the walls for the inmates to escape. Outside the jail it was to be placed at strategic points. It was an accidental discovery by an ordinary convict on the eve of the action that ruined this daring plan. Kalpana now entered the scene in an active way. From now onwards till her arrest under dramatic circumstances she was in the arena of revolutionary action in the area.

Born on July 27, 1913, she had her early education at Chittagong. Her grandfather, Dr. Durgadas Datta, was an influential person and her father was in government service. As such she escaped police notice in her early years of association with the revolutionary movement. At school she was a brilliant student and was outstanding in other fields also.

She joined Bethune College, Calcutta, as a Science student. Here she came under the influence of Kalyani Das's Chhatri Sangh, a recruiting centre for the revolutionary movement for girls. Purnendu Dastidar brought her in touch with the Chittagong group, but she had not yet met Surya Sen personally. After the Armoury Raid on April 18, she shifted to Chittagong and tried to meet "Masterda." The leader was as keen to meet her.

It was about the middle of 1931 when preparations for the Dynamite Conspiracy were in full swing. Under Surya Sen's instructions, Kalpana got actively involved in these activities. She used to collect chemicals in huge quantities in Calcutta and carry them in her trunk to Chittagong. At her own house there she was engaged in making gun-cotton, also in large quantities. When, later, the police discovered the plot, they had no direct proof to implicate her. However, they restricted her movements to only going to the classroom and coming back. She was also under strict surveillance.

During this period, she used to meet leaders like Surya Sen and Nirmal Sen secretly at night. She also introduced Preetilata to "Mastarda." And a few youngsters — Preetilata, Shanti and Kalpana practised revolver shooting under Tarakeshwar Dastidar.

She was one day summoned by Surya Sen to discuss the possibilities of sending her with Preeti as the leaders of the intended attack on the European Club at Pahartali.

Kalpana, along with a few young men, started in a taxi. They had to pass through a low-class locality near Double Mooring. So she had dressed herself as a boy. The driver somehow became suspicious and took them directly to the police station. She was arrested and detained for a month. Though subsequently released, she missed the chance of attacking the European Club. Only Preetilata remained to lead it.

But things were getting hot for her and she went underground. On Feb. 16, 1933, she was hiding in a house in village Goirala. Surya Sen and four other young men were also there. Late at night the hide-out was surrounded by Army men. The inmates made a desperate dash to escape by the back door. The pathway was precarious—a pond on one side and a khud on another. The Army exploded illuminating bombs and could spot the revolutionaries on the run with a woman among them. They arrested Surya Sen and Brajen Sen in a nearby bamboo bush. Kalpana fell into the pond. It proved a blessing in disguise. She adopted Duryodhan's trick at the Kurukshetra battlefield and hid in the water with only the tip of her nose above it. The triumphant Army men went away with their prized trophy — the much sought after Surya Sen who carried a huge reward on his head.

The police and the Army continued a ceaseless pursuit of those still at large. The revolutionaries were shifting from village to village, from house to house, for safety. On May 19, 1933, Kalpana, with four young men, had sought shelter in the village of Gahira. But the military men got scent of this and surrounded the house and started showering a volley of bullets on the immates. There was a counter attack but again it was an unequal battle. One of her comrades was killed on the spot. The remaining four were captured with Kalpana among them.

She was tried along with Surya Sen and Tarakeshwar Dastidar and was charged with waging war against the King, conspiracy to commit murder, and for offences against the Arms and Explosive Act. While the two men were sentenced to be hanged, she was sentenced to transportation for life, but after serving an actual period of about six years in jail, she was released in May, 1939. Till the end of 1941 she was interned in her home at Chittagong.

Like most of her co-workers, she was also converted to Communism. On release, she became an active member of the Party and plunged herself headlong into the People's War activities of those days in the extreme Eastern region of the then undivided India. It was during this period that she met and married P. C. Joshi, who was then the top most Communist leader in India. The wedding took place on August 4, 1943.

Came Partition, and she shifted to Calcutta and worked for years at the Mahalanobis Institute of Statistics. Now she is at the Jawaharlal University in Delhi. Like many other Freedom fighters of her time, she is bitterly disillusioned by the type of politics we have today. Poignantly she remarked while receiving the award, "We have yet to achieve the goal of economic freedom. National leaders have failed to provide bread to millions of people."

She was being too polite. She could well have used much stronger language to "make the deaf hear." (Bhagat Singh's famous phrase when throwing bombs in the Central Assembly.)

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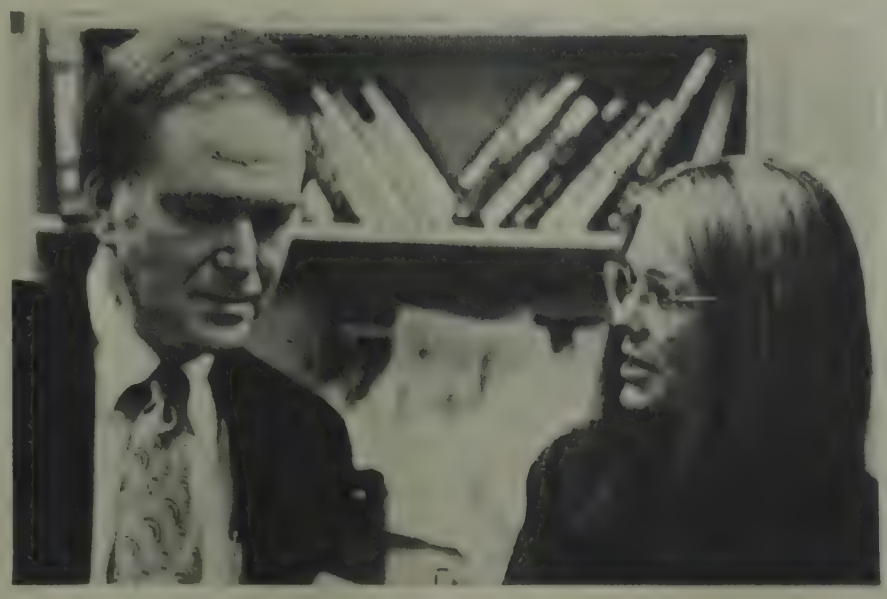
ABORTION: the right to choose

Mona Bannerji

Is abortion akin to murder?

That is the question raging through America today, and in the coming 1980 elections the future of many a politician will depend on the stand he or she takes on this issue. It is no longer a question of religious beliefs, or merely a matter of principle — in a country fast moving towards zero-population growth it is a question of survival. Those white Americans who do not want this country overrun by the black and brown races, must get their own women to reproduce more. Legalized abortion is a serious threat to them because statistics show that the majority of women who go for abortion are middle-class whites.

Abortion is still a controversial issue in the U.S. Opposed to the religious taboo and the "Right to Life" groups who call it murder, are those who believe that the decision, whether or not to have a child, is a fundamental human right



Gloria Steinem, editor of MS. magazine, and Bob Packwood — actively campaigning for the "individual's right to reproductive freedom."

Those who are for legalized abortion are quick to point out that these women will continue to have an abortion when they want to, irrespective of what the law says. They will resort to the backroom techniques if necessary, aborting with illegal drugs or a wire coat hanger leading to serious infections, haemorrhages and even death. To save the lives of these women it is imperative to allow properly trained doctors to help terminate unwanted pregnancies in well-equipped medical facilities. They argue that all women were not made for motherhood, and that the individual woman must have the right to choose when and how often she wants to have children.

The Catholic Church has taken a position that equates abortion with infanticide, making it very difficult for practising Catholics to make an intelligent choice. As educated Americans, they well know that the Church and the State must be kept separate, but as human beings they often let their souls influence their minds and the leaders of the Church are out to exploit this human weakness. In spite of this, gradually more and more American Catholic women are asserting their right to control their own reproductive processes.

Religious taboo

Actually, Catholics who believe that "Thou shalt not commit abortion" is a Biblical decree are laboring under a huge misconception. It was only in 1588 that Pope Sixtus V formally forbade abortions. Before that, as early as the 13th century, there are records that show that Pope Innocent III allowed abortions as long as they were performed within 40 days of conception. Before that there is no mention of abortions in Church records, so one does not know whether they were allowed or not.

This makes no difference to the fanatics who are so moved by the hate rhetoric of the Church fathers that they really believe in abortion being "murder" and "baby killing," and to avenge these crimes resort to violence of their own. In the smaller American towns there has been an epidemic of violence against abortion clinics. So much so, that after the fire bombing of a Cleveland clinic, which took many lives, the Cleveland diocese issued an official statement condemning all rhetoric that contributes to the existing climate of violence.

Yet the problem remains. A good friend of ours is not very happy over the fact that her daughter's gynaecologist is putting the mother-to-be through a series of tests that will determine whether the fetus is healthy or not and what sort of baby will emerge from it. Our friend feels that some things ought to be left as mysteries. Her argument is that, what is the sense in finding out something which we cannot remedy? What if the doctor says that the baby will be a mongoloid? It will be doubly harder for the young woman to carry such a child within her.

Of course, the doctor who is having the tests run, believes in terminating such a pregnancy, but the grandmother-to-be could never accept this solution in good conscience. God forbid that such a situation arises, but across the country there must be hundreds of other pregnant young women who are being torn by this dilemma of having to choose between their family and their doctor, having to choose between the dictates of the Church and common sense. After all, common sense tells us that there is no sense in adding to the miseries of the world by bringing another retarded child into the world, although the Church asks, "Who are we to decide?"

Zero population growth

The truth is that the anti-abortion movement has been motivated by fear: fear that in their new search for a professional career, women will reject their "primary" role as home makers and breeders. The American population growth is steadily sinking, so much so that in every town a number of schools are being closed down because of lack of students — and if more and more women refuse to embrace motherhood it could become a serious problem.

Already, many women with successful careers and money to spend are having abortions because they cannot afford to lose three months of their time in giving birth and nursing a child. Those three months could be crucial and damaging to their move up the promotion ladder. Once they've made it to the top of their line, it is even more embarrassing. How would one feel if the director of the board were a very pregnant woman trying to squeeze herself into the chair at the head of the table. It is certainly not a very professional way to present one's self, and more and more women are deciding on sacrificing a pregnancy to a profession.

Of course, the availability of abortion can be misused as well. But what right is there on earth that cannot be misused? Recently I met a young lady who was preparing for an abortion because she did not want stretch marks which would affect her bikini-wearing next summer! I was shocked that she was having to make a choice between a baby and a bikini, and felt sorry for her husband. Yet it could very well have been her husband who was behind this choice.

This can be cause for alarm. As more and more people are becoming irreverent about raising families, and sex is becom-

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ing more for pleasure than reproduction, abortion is becoming the most common surgical operation in America. In 1978, 28 per cent of all pregnancies ended in abortion. Most of the women who underwent abortion were young, white, and unmarried. One third were teenagers.

Alternative councilling

In New Jersey, the State I reside in, more than 40,000 abortions were performed last year. A spot check of New Jersey hospitals showed that one hospital had 500 abortions on record already in 1979. This was the largest figure, but there were others which were following close behind.

There is an organization called "Birthright" which believes that young women often opt for an abortion in panic. They would like to educate people about other alternatives. If you go ahead and have the baby they will arrange for adoption. "Birthright" has 650 offices in the country, 20 of them here in New Jersey. Manned by volunteers, they readily arrange for private interviews, individual counselling, and have a wealth of literature that can acquaint a family of all the options available. "Birthright" volunteers never pass moral judgment on any woman — they are merely there to help.

But this, the National Abortion Rights Action League (NARAL) feels is not enough. They point out that there are certain situations under which having the baby is totally unacceptable. Their list includes:

Unwed mothers

Products of incest

Economic pressures

Older women

Rape

Congenital diseases

According to NARAL statistics, a million high school students become pregnant each year, and their pregnancies could be disastrous for their families, the classmates who may have fathered the baby, and paternal grandparents. But apparently more and more teenagers are taking this in their stride because most urban high schools now offer special classes for pregnant girls who may be too embarrassed to sit in class with the other students.

Also, letters to editors in all the popular magazines show that parents are now preferring a year's agony of having a pregnant teenager at home to the prospect of losing their daughter to archaic and illegal abortion practices. These are the parents who are rooting for safe and legal medical abortions carried on by their own physician in legitimate hospitals. Planned Parenthood counsellors agree that in the past, illegal and unhygenic abortions were the biggest single killer of women. Nobody wants that to happen again.

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Anti-abortion lobby

Although the Planned Parenthood clinics provide no abortions, they have frequently been victims of arson, shootouts, and bombing in most American cities. In addition, picketers take down the licence plate numbers from cars of employees and patients, and then harass them at home. Scare tactics are the most potent weapon in the hands of anti-choice activists, and blackmail comes a close second.

The more righteous, self-respecting American does not belong to any of these camps, but protests the use of tax money by welfare recipients to pay medical bills related to abortions. It really does sound unfair that I should have to work hard at a job, and pay taxes, which would then be used by a social parasite to have fun, conceive a baby, and then pay for surgery. But the sad fact of life is that young women on welfare have more unwanted pregnancies than those in other social brackets, and if these women are not allowed abortions, then there will be more and more children who will be a burden on society, and in the longer run the respectable taxpayer will suffer even more.

Some curious ironies evolve out of this bitter fight. One clinic director started receiving threats against the lives of her children by a Right to Life group. So much so that she had to remove them from school and keep them prisoners at home. Such assaults make one wonder whether the anti-abortionists have not got their values mixed up and have started caring more for the unborn child than for the living child.

Anti-abortion forces in Minnesota have managed to stop all state funds for any sort of birth-control programme, which can have many long-ranging detrimental results. Already Congress and 39 of the states have denied poor women medicaid reimbursement for abortions. Which means they go ahead and have babies they cannot feed and the welfare rolls increase, putting a bigger and bigger burden on tax-payers.

A proposed human life amendment seeks to declare the fertilized egg a person with equal human rights as a living person. Although this has not become a law as yet, already one doctor in Orange County California, has been tried for murder under this hypothesis. An 18-year-old unwed mother came for an abortion of her 22-weeks old fetus. Either she deliberately lied, or was ignorant of the fact that the fetus was older than that. As it is legal to abort at 22 weeks, the doctor gave her a saline injection in her uterus to kill the fetus and make it abort on its own. When it did abort it was not dead, but the doctor decided that so much saline had entered its system that if it lived it would be a mere vegetable, with hardly even a human shape, leave alone ability to function as a human being. But the pediatrician of the hospital sued this doctor for murdering a living being. In a highly-televised trial, the State prosecutor accused the doctor of playing God and deciding who should live and who should not. But most medical professors stood up for the accused who was finally acquitted by a hung jury.

Continued on page 59

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BEAUTY

fasting for health and beauty

Ramma Bans

FROM ANCIENT TIMES FASTING HAS ALWAYS BEEN ACCEPTED AS EXTREMELY BENEFICIAL FOR ONE'S WELL-BEING

Fasting has long been known as a form of religious discipline. Almost every creed requires its followers to go through a period of austerity — partial or total abstinence from food. It is a means of purification.

Fasting is also accepted as a therapy. Doctors advise patients to fast to give their internal organs a physiological rest. This speeds up the healing process. It operates in this way. The energy the body normally uses to assimilate and digest food is used to clear the putrified wastes in the intestines. In the cleansing process, the chemicals that enter the body through the air we breathe in, the food we eat, and the water we drink, is also eliminated. Interest in fasting has increased recently because of the additional pay-off: rejuvenation of the tissues and a heavy weight loss.

"When I looked into a mirror after a three-day fast — under doctor's orders — I noticed a distinct improvement in the colour and texture of my skin," said one of the film stars. This is not surprising.

During a fast, not only are toxins removed, but the vital elements in the body are re-distributed. Consequently, the blood circulation improves making the complexion glow. Fasting has been called "the ultimate diet". Obese people who lose weight very slowly on a standard diet shed kilos rapidly when they abstain from food. The average rate is between 2 to 2½ kg. a day, as much as 5 kg. or more in a week. Fasting only on water is the ideal form of abstinence. About four pints of water have to be taken to prevent the dehydration of tissues. A fruit or vegetable juice fast is also on the approved list, and sometimes beverages, like tea or coffee, are allowed. However, they are likely to stimulate the nervous system. A fast is intended to give the mental and nervous functions a rest.

A fast is a safe and practical method of maintaining youth and health. Slim lines are youthful and an efficient metabolism is a rejuvenating agent. But you must be cautious about a fast extending over a couple of days. It should be taken under medical supervision.

People do not take kindly to fasting. "Do you mean I should starve in the interest of beauty?" Women ask me when I broach the subject of fasting. Starving and fasting are poles apart. The first is an enforced deprivation of food, due to unavoidable circumstances. The second is a voluntary act. In the process of starvation, the food reserves of the body are completely depleted. During fasting, the body maintains a part of its protein content but it increasingly turns to the fat deposits for fuel and energy. This is one of the reasons for the weight loss, the other being the elimination of the water content which largely gives the body its bulk.

Some people hop on to the fasting bandwagon on an impulse. This is all right for a day or two. But to get the maximum benefit from a fast adequate preparation is necessary— a tapering off in the concentrated starch and protein on the menu and a greater intake of fruits and vegetables. A mild laxative on the eve of the fast hastens the detoxifying effects.

When embarking on a fast timing and attitude are important. You have to be in normal health and a cheerful frame of mind. "Never go on a fast when depressed or under emotional strain," advise experts. Maintaining a positive attitude is essential, so is avoiding violent forms of exercise, cold baths, and drinking ice-cold water.

A fast is by no means a pleasurable experience. A prolonged one is likely to bring on a feeling of nausea, dizziness and headache. The body temperature may drop and blood pressure may decrease. There is a marked revulsion towards food after the third day of abstinence. The need for medical attention during a long fast is a health precaution.

The period of fasting varies from person to person. Some can undertake a fast extending to a week or fortnight; others cannot go beyond a day or two. It is a matter of individual metabolism. When you feel the return of appetite, it is a sign for ending the fast. Going off a fast is far more important than adequate preparation for it.

The body needs some time to re-adjust itself to solid food after a water or juice diet. Here is the ratio of fasts to juice intake in terms of time.

Period of fast	Length of juice diet
1 — 3 days	1 day
4 — 8 days	2 days
9 — 15 days	3 days
16 — 24 days	4 days

The fast is generally ended by sipping a few tablespoons of diluted fruit juice (preferably orange or lemon juice). The quantum of watered down juice is increased from ¼ to 1/3 to ½ and ¾ cups. The liquid is taken at regular intervals, with perhaps half a glass of the pure juice at bedtime.

The length of food abstinence days determine how long fruit and vegetable juices continue to form diet portions on subsequent days. A cup of curds with apple or fruit flakes, is then introduced between the juice intake. Subsequently, milk and cereal, toast and honey, form snacks between juice consumption. Gradually, protein and carbohydrates and portions of the habitual fare appear on the menu.

Fasting is part of an overall health and beauty plan. To make it easier for the average person, diet doctors have worked out a working man's or woman's diet. A 2½ day weekend abstinence from food extending from Friday afternoon to breakfast on Monday morning.

A 700-calorie diet is prescribed for the rest of the week. A variation is alternating the fasting days with 700-calorie meals.

So there you are! No more alibis to stay fat and flabby. Fasting — giving the internal organs a periodic rest — is one way to defer the accumulation of excessive, unwanted fat.

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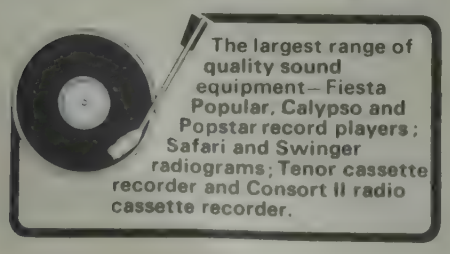

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THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

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THE SHRIEKS AND MOANS... TWISTED BODIES SPRAWLED ON THE GROUND.... BILLOWING CLOUDS OF SMOKE BLOTTING OUT THE SUN!
ANOTHER BATTLEFIELD, EH?
NO-IT'S THE SITE OF THE LAST GREAT ROCK FESTIVAL!
6-18
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ILLICIT LOVE

Anjana Jha

WHAT I always feared had happened. I could do nothing to stop the tide of events and now the inevitable was a reality. Staring at me with accusing eyes, I mentally cringed with shame and remorse every time I remembered. Yet I had never wanted such a relationship when I first met him just a year ago.

I first saw him — tall, well-built, but not really handsome — at an official party. I did not know him and a new face aroused my curiosity. Perhaps I even stared. I really don't remember. But I distinctly recall how, in the course of the evening, I had gone up to him and introduced myself. I was strangely attracted and found the novel experience exhilarating. His response to my overtures of friendship had left me tingling with an unknown anticipation.

Thus it had started. We began to meet quite regularly — once, twice, thrice a week. Then it got to such a stage that even if I had been invited by someone, I would automatically ask if I could bring a friend along. Now, looking back, I wonder what my friends had thought. Or if they had thought about it all.

With the passage of time, we grew closer to each other — sharing confidences, hopes and ambitions. But I could not analyse my overwhelming feelings for the man. All I understood was that I was happy. Perhaps even then I knew it was all wrong. That I should stop seeing him, cut off all connections. Our relationship could have no future, no happy ending. Yet I continued to see him. I was ridiculously happy, and reluctant to surrender this to appease my conscience.

Just being with him seemed to fill my cup of happiness. Perhaps now, after all this, no one will believe me when I say that that was all to our friendship. To our love. Not that I can truthfully deny any physical attraction between us. But I can claim in all honesty that we never attempted anything more amorous than holding hands. Once or twice, I had clumsily touched his hair, his face, trying to sear his image in my memory. Being a product of a strict orthodox family perhaps contributed largely to my inhibition — not crossing the invisible barrier that I had unconsciously erected between us. Despite growing physical desire, I had warded off all wanton thoughts only to succumb on that last fatal day.

I clearly remember that day about six months ago when he first told me of his impending marriage — with the daughter of a family friend. With typical parental authority, his parents had finalised everything. Even the date, barely a month away. How he had raved angrily and refused to go through with it.

My first reaction was to agree with him, even beg him not to do this to me. But when I finally spoke, I surprised even myself. Far from encouraging him to rebel against his parents' domineering attitude, I sided with them. I urged him to comply with their wishes, and wished him all the happiness. Little did he realise that with every word I was mentally crucifying myself. It seemed as if I was deriving a masochist pleasure in hurting myself. Or perhaps I just wanted to act the martyr I never was meant to be.

That one month flew past on wings. We met regularly and tried to behave as if nothing untoward was about to happen. His fast approaching marriage was a topic we had both silently branded as taboo. But all too soon, he left me to get married. To someone he did not love.

When he returned with his new bride, I managed to avoid seeing him for nearly a month. In spite of his repeated phone calls, I desisted. I gave excuses

each time. I even tried to hint that I was now interested in someone else, but he did not believe me. Perhaps I was not convincing enough. Then one day, I received a formal invitation to dinner at their residence. It seemed he had finally decided to launch his wife to public viewing. He had arranged a small reception for his colleagues and friends. My first inclination was to send a polite note of refusal. But I realised only too well what my absence would lead to — some curious questions, some raised eyebrows. I reluctantly decided to go.

I had gone with preconceived and prejudiced ideas about his wife. But when I saw her — small, sweet and trusting — I could not help liking her. She was young, innocent and eager to like all her husband's friends I was no exception.

I HAD NEVER SEEN A GROWN-UP MAN BREAK DOWN LIKE THAT BEFORE. TEARS POURED DOWN HIS FACE AND SILENT SOBS RACKED HIS BODY. LIKE AN ORPHAN CHILD HE CLUNG TO ME DESPERATELY

Seeing him in his new role fascinated me. He seemed so different. It was then that I first noticed his air of contraint. He carried out his duties as a host to perfection, yet I detected a tension that had built up inside him. Illogically, this somehow aroused all the latent desire in me. It started all over again.

At least three or four times a week, he would drop in at my place. We slipped back to our old camaraderie, happy in each other's company. We would often sit outside on the little veranda of my ground floor flat, watching the twilight usher in the night. As the road beyond would become deserted, lit by the street lights and the stars glittering bewitchingly in the sky, he would reluctantly go home. In my selfishness, I tried to assuage my conscience for taking so much of his time that was rightfully his new bride's By the things he would casually say, I fully realised that his wife did not like his regular and frequent absences. But I turned a blind eye to my increasingly pricking conscience, convincing myself that I was doing nothing wrong.

Till she rang me up. One evening, just as I was returning home, I heard the telephone ringing. Picking it up. I heard a voice I recognised at once. His wife's. She sounded as if she had been crying. Even a bit hysterical. She could not carry on this way. Her husband rarely remembered that she existed and when he did, it was to treat her with polite and distant courtesy. But she wanted to be loved by him. She had married him. She had left her home, all her people, to come to a new place where she knew none but some of us, her husband's friends. He had made no effort to get her better acquainted with the wives of his colleagues, or to be closer to her himself. Pleading for my help, she begged me to talk to her husband. She knew he liked me, that I was a good friend. He had often mentioned my name. As she continued, she grew more hysterical and helplessly I promised her that I would do all that I could. It was like signing my own death warrant, but that was long overdue.

He had arrived a little later. Skipping preliminaries, there on the veranda where we had spent so many pleasant evenings, I told him what had occurred. That I had decided. Our relationship was all wrong, and ruining his family life. We would not see each other again. He would give all his time to her. Be like all normal home-loving husbands.

I had never seen a grown-up man break down like that before. Tears poured down his face and silent sobs racked his body. What happened next is still hazy to me. All I know was that I had somehow gone up to him and gathered him in my arms. Like an orphan child, he had clung to me desperately. I had rained kisses on his forehead, his wet cheeks, his mouth. Just outside, I vaguely heard a car stop, a door slam shut. Footsteps walking towards us. A sudden silence.

Some uncanny feeling of disaster had made me look around. Straight into bewildered, disbelieving eyes. Eyes of the last person I would have wanted to see then. His wife. Why she had suddenly decided to come I will never know. But I will never forget the sheer amazement mirrored over her face. Then the slow dawning of some understanding. Finally, disgust and revulsion. She simply turned and left.

He left soon after. Though we never spoke a word, we both knew that his marriage was on the rocks, perhaps finished. And so was everything that had ever existed between us. A friendship which had always been tarnished with guilt.

Alone in my room, my self-accusations and recriminations tortured me. The magnitude of what I had done just to pamper some perverted streak horrified me. It had resulted in causing incalculable damage to a young, innocent girl who had been cruelly disillusioned. Then in a matter of an hour, a second grown-up man broke down and cried. I cried.

From dresses and maxis, we now switch over to smart, trendy shirts and T-shirts — the new leisure clothes, which are superb around the house, on holidays or out jogging. We always look out for clothes with ever-lasting good looks. The shirts featured in this spread have unusual designs, colours and fabrics — polyester and cotton jersey — which ensure they will look smart over the years. Note the change in colours — beige, browns, deep blues and greys are very much in fashion nowadays.

FAR LEFT : Luxurious green shirt for the man who likes a touch of elegance — short sleeved with contrast coloured yoke and pockets. Similar pattern repeats on the girl's brown shirt with pockets and yoke in green.

LEFT : A clever combination in grey, white and deep blue with an accent given to yoke, pockets and button placket.

BELOW : Smart get-together — the yoke and pockets in beige highlight the brown shirt with zipped front.
The girl matches the boy in a similar pattern with a reverse colour combination.

Courtesy : Dunhill Shirts. V. Naresh and Co., Oberoi Towers, Bombay.

Feature presented by Shanti Chopra

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WOMEN IN FOCUS

SARAH POTHEN PHILIP

DEVOTION TO A CAUSE

Dynamic Mrs. Sarah Pothen Philip was unanimously elected President of the Y.W.C.A. on August 24 this year. Associated with the Y.W.C.A. for the last 25 years, ever since she stayed at their hostel in Trivandrum as a student, Mrs. Philip has been Chairman of various committees and Vice-President of the organisation for the last four years. Now as President of the Y.W.C.A., it is part of her duty to coordinate all the departments of the Y.W.C.A. with the aid of the General Secretary and the Executive Committee.

One of the ambitious projects of the Association, Mrs. Philip told me, is a Polytechnic in Byculla, for school drop-out girls and women from the underprivileged classes, to help them earn their livelihood, by training as nurses' aids, and in child care, tailoring and housekeeping. The five-story building being constructed with this in mind, should be completed this month. The project, which requires an investment of 2 lakhs a year besides the initial expenditure for the building, has been made possible through the generous contribution of the public, the Prime Minister's Fund as well as the Chief Minister's Fund as part of their Centenary project in 1974. They also received aid from an American donor.

As part of a pilot project, 14 to 15 girls, including some young nuns from Mother Teresa's order which devotes itself to the care of the sick, dying and unwanted, have already started training at Colaba and show a satisfactory keenness to learn. The ladies who dedicate their time, talent and energy to fulfilling the Y.W.C.A. motto of "By love serve one another," do so entirely voluntarily. The recent introduction of higher taxes on charity funds by the Government, however, is causing a decrease in the effectiveness of these Social Service workers Mrs. Philip pointed out.

In addition to her devotion to the Y.W.C.A. cause, Mrs. Philip is well-known for an entirely different reason — she is a golfer of repute. She has won the Western Indian Golf Championship four times and has also been All-India runner up four times. Besides this, she has captained the Indian golf team to Sri Lanka twice in the early 70's. Golf, when played at championship level, Mrs. Philip said, requires a lot of time, practice, effort and concentration. Due to this, she has not been able to play at championship level during the last few years, for her commitments to the Y.W.C.A. and the constant travelling she has had to do lately have made the demands of golf Impossible to fulfil.

A member of the Women's Wing of the World Council of Churches which has its headquarters in Geneva, Mrs. Philip has represented the Orthodox Christian Church at international conferences in Nairobi, Bucharest, Geneva and New York. Mrs. Philip, who is also a senior director of the Inder Press, loves reading — biographies in particular — and playing bridge occasionally on evenings when she feels the need for relaxation.

Mrs. Philip believes that edution of girls is never a waste, and that every woman should have a career which she can turn to in adverse circumstances. While she holds this view, however, she does not approve of married women working if it is at the cost of neglecting the family and home, unless they are forced to do so.

Mari-Lou Menezes

RUPAM NANGIA

YOUNG AND COMMITTED

Most "first class firsts" are branded as bookworms. But not Rupam Nangia, whose university career is full of such "firsts." Standing first in the Master of Social Work course of Nirmala Niketan (Bombay University) was yet another milestone in her career.

After finishing Intermediate Science, Rupam had to make a tricky decision. She could either do her B.Sc. and be one of the thousands who come out with that degree every year, or take up a taxing but promising course in Social Work. Rupam opted for the latter and enrolled herself for the Bachelor of Social Work degree.

This course did not entail just attending lectures. It involved a lot of field work. The long hours of field work were tiring initially but Rupam was determined to finish the course extraordinarily well. Her determination and hard work fetched her a valuable distinction. She won the Anne C. Saraiya Gold Medal of the Bombay University.

It was this success that boosted her confidence and she decided to do her Master's degree. Was a Master's really necessary? Yes, because during this post-graduate period, one begins to identify specific areas of work which one would like to handle. Rupam took up a project which was so far untackled — unorganised labour in the small scale industrial sector.

For her project, she chose a few industrial estates in Bombay. Initially, it was not easy to convince the employers of her good intentions but slowly the project started taking shape. She interviewed many workers and found that in this sector, there are very few women workers. Rupam could barely find three. The socio-economic background of such workers also interested Rupam. What had earlier appeared to be a near impossible task, was successfully accomplished.

This course, Rupam says, is an hundred per cent job-oriented course. No student of this course is moulded into a hard and fast speciality. Since the course is generic and flexible, a person who takes up a project on, for instance, industrial workers, could also take up something on medical welfare. This is one great advantage which perhaps no other course offers.

Rupam would like to work for some time before she starts studying for a doctorate. Her interest in people had prompted her to take up this course and so she is naturally eager for any opportunity to work and put her knowledge to practical use.

Vrunda Moghe Dev

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MAFATLAL INDUSTRIES NEW SHORROCK MILLS
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YOUNG VIEWPOINT

A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

CANDID COMMENTS ON OUR YOUTH SPECIAL

The Youth issue of Eve's Weekly (Aug. 18-24) was timely, comprehensive, informative and interesting.

What strikes one most about young people today, is their very vocal rebellion against the established order. However, what is not clear is whether this rebellion is for its own sake or in order to initiate a change for the better. It seems as though the young are not too sure of this themselves.

Only recently, some Bombay college students took over the University premises as a protest against the way things are being run there. Unfortunately, they themselves were unable to run it for even a day. It's fashionable for the mod teenager to hit out at his/her parents, and to ridicule religious precepts and practices. True, religion has now come to mean hardly anything, except rituals but this does not imply that religion is at fault. We believers haven't truly realised and appreciated its worth. Many a professed unbeliever is at heart (and in truth) a superstitious coward. But today, appearances are what matter and so they project a brave, agnostic image. Certainly, you don't have to visit the temple of God to be good; you don't need to cook food to eat it — but cooking helps. Need I say more?

. . .It's a wonderful thing to be young (under 25) and I feel the present age is the best time in which to be young. What a lot of opportunities there are for the forward-looking, optimistic, determined young person to achieve in life and to realize the full potential of his/her personality. Instead of which we see and hear young people everywhere in a state of protest, indiscipline, aggression, despair even — looking backward instead of inward, outward and upward. There is no positive, constructive approach to life and living. Their's is the choice of drink, drugs and sexual abuse — the path to moral degradation, self-destruction and death.

BERNIE TELLIS, Bombay.

AUGUST 18 — 24, 1979

. . .I was more shocked than alarmed to read the amount of rubbish spread against the members of our community as well as against our religious head, the Syedna, in the article entitled, "Oh God."

I wish to make it clear to all those concerned that the Syedna has never interfered in the personal lives of any of the members except for advice in matters, where asked for. To say that he wields an authoritarian control is a statement that is quite absurd and totally wrong and my school and college going colleagues have never found him using force or pressure.

MUDAR PATHERYA, Calcutta.

We, the members of the Phoenix Sporting Club (all under 17 years of age) belong to the Dawoodi Bohra community.

While reading the August 18 issue of your prestigious publication we found to our immense shock unpleasant lies being circulated against our religious head.

We can claim never to have been harassed in any way by the Syedna, nor has he ever wielded the whip on us. In fact we find him a very compassionate person always ready with a good word for us young people.

THE PHOENIX SPORTING CLUB, Calcutta.

Congratulations on producing such an interesting special issue. I thoroughly enjoyed reading it, especially the contributions by Mala Vaishnav ("When Parents Are Also Friends. . .") Sonali Majumdar ("Leisure-Pleasure Urban Style"); Saraswathi Swaminathan ("Youth and the Arts"), and Deepa Arora ("Oh God!").

C. S. NEELALEKSHMI, Trivandrum.

The box-caption, "Images India?" (Divide(d) and Rule(d) Even Now) is thought provoking. The impression of the people about different communities is not a myth but based on facts.

Punjabis are "all brawn and no brain" is wrong in totality, but it is true that these people have more brawn than brain. They are descendants of the war like central Asian races and to some extent their food habits contribute to their bulkiness.

Gujaratis are money minded and shrewd because they have always been a trading community and have always had to scheme to make their products sell and earn a little more money.

Goans are pleasure-loving because they have been brought up in the atmosphere of the gay and carefree Portuguese. Ask an old Goan and he will sing the praises of Goa before independence.

Keralites are communists. If the writer had visited Kerala she might have been satisfied. Kerala has had a communist government since a long time.

South Indians are very intelligent. They are; since a long time they have always been doing paper work. The impact is felt if you have seen the lists of directors, scientists, educationists, I.A.S. officers and others.

Bengalis are cultured and fiery. People in Bengal are born with culture, people in Bombay acquire culture and people in Delhi have culture thrust upon them. As to why they are fiery is a highly debatable point.

Maharashtrians are rude, uncouth and unambitious. This is because they are descendants of the rustic farmer class and the warriors known as Marathas.

Parsees are eccentric due to rampant in-breeding. They are not only eccentric but have a number of physical defects.

Though the above statements are unbelievable in their absoluteness they do possess a grain of truth in them.

ADIL FEROZ, Jabalpur.

The moment I bought the issue, I knew it was going to be great from cover to cover. And I was not wrong. Articles such as these not only enrich your magazine, but also attract new readers like me.

PRATAP S. MAZUMDAR, Calcutta.

. . . I absolutely agree with Jyoti Punwani ("Divide(d) and Rule(d) Even Now") that secularism is just a farce in India. But I see no reason why the minorities should be so dissatisfied. Aren't they the "privileged sections" of our society? In no other country except India is the "majority" ridden roughshod over. A Christian who was interviewed had suggested that a scheduled caste, even after he had embraced religions other than his own, should be given the same privileges accorded to him when he was a Hindu. Now isn't that being absurd?

Besides as the Muslims do not want to follow any family planning methods because of their religion, they shall soon become the majority in our country. If they want to live in India, let them live like Indians. Nevertheless, the article has dealt with the insecurities of the minorities superbly. I hope you will keep dealing with such problems from time to time.

SHOBHANA SITARAMAN, New Delhi.

Your issue, "Images of Youth", was a splendid effort. Congratulations!

Does wisdom necessarily and automatically accompany advancing years? Those who are watch ing with exasperation boardering on dismay the capers and antics o f our octogenarian and septuge narian politicians in Delhi (whom we have elected, mind you), will have no problem answering with a resounding "no". The ministerial musical chairs played by the not-so-young also was disgusting enough to make us want to throw up. How we would relish the spectacle if some mythological hero or god of old would descend from a Himalayan cave and kick the whole pack of them into the Arabian sea!

However, isn't the scene on University and college campuses where the young reign supreme, equally degenerate, disheartening and depresssing? Students insist on their right to copy in examinations, to burn records, to break up furniture and consign expensive buses to flames. Wisdom is definitely not the monopoly of any age group.

At my age, just on the wrong side of sixty, I can say I have seen many wise heads on young shoulders and, alas, many foolish ones on old ones, and vice versa.

For, when you come to think of it, who are the old, anyway? Were they not the young of yester-year? Those who tore up the streets of Paris in 1968 are now pa rt of the despised Establishment. Someone who was yelling his head off leading processions just the other day is now on the other side of the barricades, being yelled at and gheraoed. Indeed, the generation gap is getting narrower and narrower. To an eighteen-year-old today, a thirty-six-year-old junior professor is already "enemy", to be shunned like the plague. It will be good for the young of each generation to remember that those whom they now decry as old, useless and fit for the dungheap were also young once, and that, not so long ago. Your own turn is coming — and sooner than you think!

ANNA JOSEPH, Bangalore.

"DAHI"—everyone's favourite

Premila Lal

Dahi, (yoghurt or curd) is everyone's favourite and commonly used in Indian cookery. The yoghurt fad in the West has increased considerably and it is used in various dishes there, too. Used in many forms — curries, raitas, and sweet preparations like shreekhand, it is also used to marinate meat and fish. Dahi is also delicious in nans, bhaturas and breads, because, like yeast, the activator in dahi is a living organism sensitive to temperature and when left to ferment gives excellent results.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

SHAHI ALU-DUM

- 1 kg round lemon-sized potatoes
- 400 grams curd
- 1 tsp. ground ginger
- 1 tsp. freshly ground black pepper
- 1 tsp. ground black cardamom
- ½ tsp. ground cloves
- ½ tsp. ground cinnamon

2 tbsps. aniseeds
1 tbsp. raisins
Salt to taste
2 bay leaves
Ghee

Put potatoes in a pan. Cover well with water and add 1 spoonful salt. Boil till barely tender. Heat 1 teaspoon ghee and fry the aniseed till evenly brown. Grind finely. Peel the potatoes and prick well on all sides with a toothpick. Heat ghee for deep frying and fry potatoes till golden.

In a large pan heat 1 tablespoon ghee, add ground spices, beaten curd and bay leaves. Put in the potatoes, raisins and salt, and simmer till potatoes are tender and gravy is thick.

SHREEKHAND

1 kg curd
1 tsps. cardamom, crushed fine
2 tsps. saffron, soaked in a little milk
750 grams sugar
2 tsps. almonds, blanched and chopped
2 tsps. pistachio nuts, chopped

Tie the curd in a muslin cloth. Leave aside for an hour to enable the water to drain thoroughly. Remove from the muslin and blend well with powdered sugar and saffron. Beat to a creamy texture and add the cardamom. Pour into dessert bowls and garnish with almonds and pistachio nuts. Chill thoroughly before serving. Serve with hot puries.

SPINACH RAITA

500 grams spinach
1 onion
2 cloves garlic
2 cups curd
½ tsp. ground pepper
½ tsp. ground cinnamon
½ tsp. ground red chillis
1 green chilli
2 tbsps. ghee
Salt to taste

Clean and wash the spinach. Chop finely. Boil the spinach in enough water to cover leaves for about 10 minutes.

Slice onion, garlic and green chilli. Heat ghee and saute sliced ingredients till tender but not brown. Drain spinach well and add to the onion. Add a pinch of salt and fry for a few minutes. Beat curd and add spinach. Season with pepper, cinnamon and ground chillis. Add ½ teaspoon sugar if desired. Chill and serve.

BEANS WITH CURDS

250 grams string beans
1½ cups curd
2-3 red chillis
Pinch of asafoetida
1 tsp. mustard seeds
1 sprig curry leaves
Salt to taste

Wash and remove string from beans. Chop into ½-inch pieces and cook in a little water till barely done. Drain and keep in a bowl. Beat up the curd. Season and mix with beans. Heat 1 tablespoon oil and fry red chillis, mustard seeds, curry leaves and asafoetida till the seeds begin to splutter. Pour over the curd and beans. Serve hot.

DAL KOFTA CURRY

FOR THE DAL BALLS :
1 cup tur dal
3-4 red chillis
Pinch of asafoetida
Salt to taste
FOR THE GRAVY :
2 cups sour curd
8-10 green chillis
½ cup coconut, grated
1-inch piece ginger
1 tsp. cummin seeds
1 tsp. coriander seeds
¼ tsp. fenugreek seeds
1 tsp. Bengal gram
½ tsp. mustard seeds

Soak the tur dal for 1 hour and grind to a coarse paste with the red chillis, asafoetida, and the salt. Make small balls of the paste and steam these for 15 minutes. When cooked, keep aside.

Grind to a fine paste, the coconut, green chillis, ginger, cummin seeds, coriander seeds, fenugreek seeds and the gram. Blend the curds thoroughly, adding 2½ large cups water. Add the ground masala and mix. Put in salt, turmeric and curry leaves. Cook till the mixture begins to rise like milk. Remove from the fire and add the dal balls carefully. Fry the mustard seeds in oil till they burst, then add to the curry. Sprinkle chopped coriander leaves and let the dal balls soak for a while before serving.

LEBANESE BROWN BREAD

1 kg wheat flour
2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup molasses (seera)
1 litre curd
6 tsps. soda
2 tsps. salt

Sift the flour and keep aside. Combine the rest of the ingredients in a large bowl in the order given, and mix well. Then add the flour and blend thoroughly. Leave to stand for 5 minutes. Grease two large bread baking tins and fill with the bread mixture till half full. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F) for 1 hour. Cool and turn out.

MUTTON ROAST WITH CURD SAUCE

2 kg leg of lamb or mutton
4 cloves of garlic (sliced)
6 cloves
1 sprig mint leaves
Chopped coriander leaves
Curd sauce

Remove the white fat covering with a sharp knife and rub the whole leg with sliced garlic. With a sharp pointed knife, insert mint and coriander leaves and garlic slices under the skin. Put the meat on a rack and place in a large baking tray. Place in a hot oven for a few minutes, reduce heat to 350°F. and roast for 2 to 2½ hours, uncovered. Slice and serve with curd sauce.

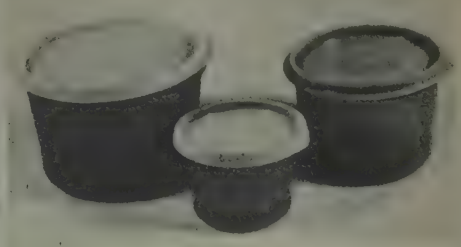
TO PREPARE CURD SAUCE :

Take 2 tablespoons of dripping from the pan in which the roast was cooked and blend well with 1 tablespoon of flour in a saucepan, till smooth and thickened. Continue to cook, gradually adding a cup of beaten curd. Season with chopped green chillis, coriander leaves, salt, freshly ground pepper and a dash of chilli powder.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

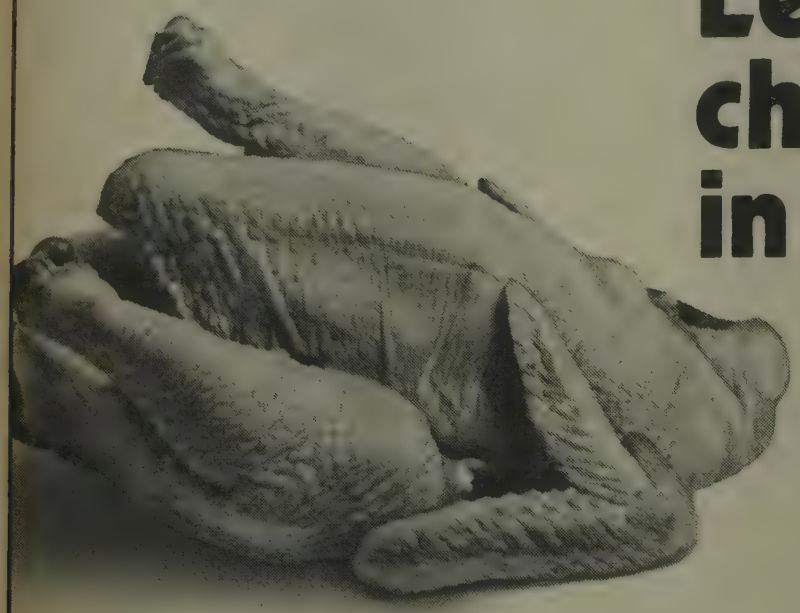
Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize.

1) A 3-in-one Storefresh container from **TRUPTI INDUSTRIES,** Bombay, 2) a Gift Hamper from **WEIKFIELD** containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) A 1000 ml. pack tin of pure Coconut Oil from **KMP OIL INDUSTRIES PRIVATE LTD.,** Cochin.

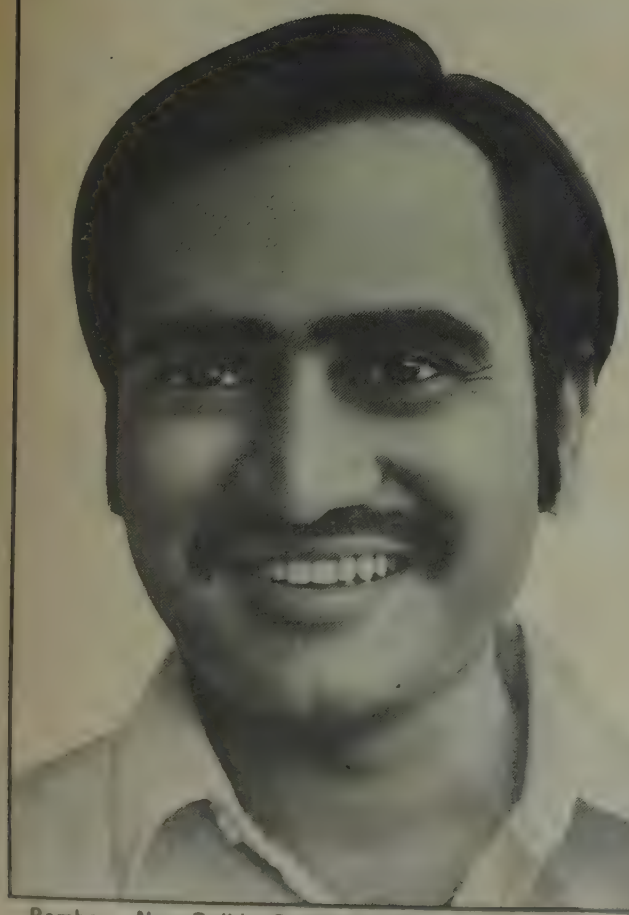


So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

Leonard preserves butter in Bangkok



Leonard keeps chicken fresh in Chikmagalur



Leonard keeps Prashant smiling in Pathankot

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RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Aruna Khare, Bhopal.

BHINDI KABAB

2 cups leftover lady fingers, cooked
1 cup gram dal
1 medium size onion, chopped
1" piece ginger
½ pod garlic
5 or 6 green chillis, chopped
2 bunches coriander leaves, chopped
Salt to taste

Soak dal in cold water for about three to four hours. Strain and grind into soft paste. Grind ginger, garlic and vegetable also. Mix the dal paste, vegetable, ginger, garlic, chopped onion, chilli and coriander leaves. Add salt according to taste. Form into kababs. Deep fry in ghee or oil till dark brown. Serve hot with tomato sauce or chutney.

Miss Veena Valsan, Bombay.

CORN PUDDING

3 tender corns
1 coconut
112 grams sugar
1 cup rice flour
2 tbsps. rose water
4-5 drops kewra essence

Remove all the corns from cobs and keep aside. Scrape the coconut and extract 2 cups of thick milk and 2 cups of thin milk. Keep them separate. In a dekchi, dissolve the rice flour in five cups of water and mix thoroughly. Put the dekchi on the stove and allow to boil. Keep stirring so that the mixture does not stick to the bottom. When the mixture thickens remove from the fire. Take out a quarter of it in another vessel and keep aside.

In two cups of thin coconut milk, put the corn. Add the remaining three-fourths of the rice flour batter. Put it back on the stove and allow to simmer for 15 minutes, stirring continuously. Then add three-fourths of the sugar and continue cooking until the pudding becomes very thick and sticky. Add essence, rose water and pour pudding in a thali to set. Put the other dekchi of the quarter part of rice mixture on the stove. Add the 2 cups of thick coconut milk. Mix thoroughly and allow to boil till thick. Add sugar and a little rose water. Spread this mixture like cream on the pudding in the thali. Leave to set. Cut and serve.

WEEKLY WINNER

H. S. TOOR, Ludhiana.

Mrs. Toor wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml. Coconut Oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

ARBI WITH PANEER

½ kg arbi
200 grams paneer
250 grams onions
20 grams ginger
20 grams garlic
2 tsps. cummin
1 tsp. coriander
1 tbsp. tomato sauce
4 medium tomatoes
1 tsp. mango powder
A pinch turmeric
Salt to taste
A pinch red chilli powder
4 green chilis
½ tsp. garam masala
A bunch of coriander
Ghee for frying

Select long and good pieces of arbi, wash and peel them. Heat ghee in a kerahi and deep fry the arbi, till golden brown. Keep aside. Dice the paneer into square pieces and fry them golden brown. Remove and keep aside.

Grind onion, ginger and garlic into a smooth paste. In 2 tbsps. ghee fry the ground masala. When it turns brown, mix the cummin, coriander, chopped tomatoes, tomato sauce, red chilli powder, salt, turmeric and mango powder. Mix the masala well, keep stirring on low fire for 5 minutes. Put arbi and paneer pieces in the gravy. Keep on stirring for ten minutes on a very low fire. Sprinkle garam masala. Cover the dekchi and remove. Serve hot with chappaties. Decorate with green coriander leaves and green chillis.

Mrs. C. GOVERNOR, Bangalore.

CHUTNEY SWISS ROLL

1 bread loaf
100 grams nuts, roasted
200 grams cream
300 grams paneer
3 tbsps. milk
GRIND TO A PASTE :
½ coconut
6 green chillis
A bunch coriander leaves
A bunch mint leaves
1 onion
¼ tsp. cummin
Salt to taste
Little tamarind and jaggery

Remove the crust from the bread and slice the bread lengthwise. Apply the chutney on these slices and roll each slice to form four to five rolls. Put these rolls in a bag and refrigerate for two hours. After two hours, remove the rolls and leave them on a plate. Let these rolls stand on the plate for at least 15 minutes. Mix together the cream, milk and grated paneer to a paste and apply over the rolls. Cover the rolls with nuts. Refrigerate for 3 hours. Cut into slices, before serving.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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GET THE INFLATION BEFORE IT GETS YOU

Continued from page 15

start work at 11 a.m. in the Stock Exchange. Being a broker for institutions such as the IDBI, ICICI, LIC, GIC* and the Unit Trust, Mr. Shah calls at one or more of these offices for orders on the share market. IDBI and ICICI are active sellers in a buoyant market of rising prices, whereas LIC and GIC are buyers in a weak market where prices are lower. Unit Trust is a big time investor which buys and sells. While discussing investment possibilities, Mr. Shah gleans valuable inside information about future market trends, as institutional investors transact business in thousands of shares.

Around 11.30 Mr. Shah, goes to his office in the Stock Exchange and prepares for executing the orders of his clients. Trading hours on the Exchange are from 12 noon to 2 p.m. Mr. Shah makes his appearance on the floor of the Exchange. It is an atmosphere charged with human hope and excitement, as brokers for speculators run about hollering inquiries for specified scrips, trying to get a price close to that asked for by their clients. Prices oscillate like a fast moving pendulum, from opening time . to closing time, and brokers engage in hectic trading to get the best possible prices.

Two hours may be a short time, but Mr. Shah says it is a period of intense concentration and hectic business, that can be mentally and physically exhausting.

After closing time, Mr. Shah, and his assistants tackle the paper work of share contracts. Most investments by women were undertaken he said by men investing in their wives' names. Few genuine women investors actually entered the market. He mooted the idea of investment clubs at kitty parties, to encourage more women to participate actively in investment. Though Mr. Shah officially ends work at 6 p.m., he keeps his senses wide awake even after working hours, for who knows? He may come across valuable information for his clients any time, any place.

*IDBI — Industrial Development Bank of India.

ICICI — Industrial Credit and Investment Corporation of India

GIC — General Insurance Corporation.

LIC — Life Insurance Corporation.

NO WOMEN ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE !

The Stock Exchange is one of the few remaining citadels of male monopoly.

Trading on the Bombay Stock Exchange, the largest in the country, is conducted almost entirely in Gujarati. The din that emanates from it at peak trading hours is worse than in a fish market; which is why perhaps women have not stormed this male preserve.

Mrs. Lila Mehta, who works with J. M. Financial and Investment Consultants, a leading firm in the city, says that the role of an adviser is more suited to a woman's nature than the frenetic life of a broker. She feels that the reason why more women have not taken to brokerage in the share market is simply because they are not interested in this career, and not necessarily because they have been hindered by the rules of the Stock Exchange.

She enjoys her work, advising clients about when to buy or sell. Portfolio management, she says, was first introduced by her firm to offer their investing clients special services that nurture the client's investments. This is done by conducting in-depth studies of the performance of various companies, and offsetting it against the overall picture of the economy.

Indeed, it is certain that should women desire to take to this fascinating world of stocks and shares, they are capable of making a success of it. The swelling ranks of women in banking is proof enough that in the field of high finance they are no less than their male counterparts.

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WHEN AGE BECOMES A BURDEN

S. N. Narayanan

"On my retirement as a nurse my relatives adored my company. I was a virtual queen in their midst. They begged, borrowed or stole whatever money I had saved. Little did I realise my gullibility was being systematically exploited. When my savings dried up, stark reality stared me in the face. They acted fast. They chased me out, penniless, shelterless, sick and starving." This was poor Alamelu Ammal's (78) lament.

"I have a posse of affluent relatives but, when my age advanced and my usefulness came to an end, I became an irksome sight to them, a burden. The very children whom I helped bring up pushed me out of the house. Still, I pray God, let them live in happiness." It was Seethammal (80) who sobbed out her story.

"I was a domestic servant in a family for decades. I am old and infirm now. How could they afford to feed me for nothing? Of course, I had hoped that my master would consider my long service with them, but it was a vain hope." Thus Unnamalai (65) but there was no rancour in her heart.

DISOWNED BY THEIR NEXT OF KIN AND UNCLAIMED BY SOCIETY, THESE AGED, DESTITUTE WOMEN HAVE FOUND A SHELTER WHERE THEY CAN PASS THEIR FINAL DAYS WITH SOME HUMAN DIGNITY

"I am barren. I earned a living working as a servant, but at this age no one needs me," said Meharunnisa Begum alias Bhuma (62).

"My husband died when I was only sixteen. I lived with my uncle until he died. How could my nieces and nephews be compassionate towards an invalid old aunt?" said Kasi Ammal (60) just discharged from hospital.

"I can't even remember the face of my husband who married me when I was ten and died soon after. My adopted children looked after me, but of course with some reservations I had to sleep in the open as there was no space inside the hut. It was scorching in summer and freezing in winter, but I could not complain. I was given whatever food was available, and quite often there was none. But even that they came to resent and one day I was told to leave them." Lakshmi Paatti (78) had tears in her eyes as she told this sad but not so unusual story.

"My grandson is a daily labourer. How can he look after an old woman like me in these hard days? How can he give me food when his own children do not have enough? After all, my life is lived out." Mary alias Lakshmi (61) is thus resigned to her fate.

"I was a freedom fighter. For some time I received a pension of Rs. 20 a month from the government. Then it stopped abruptly. I don't know why. When I was young and going about waving the Congress flag, I fancied that when my country attained freedom, all would have enough to eat. I was wrong. My country has now given me the freedom to choose between starvation and suicide." There was a gleam of anger in her eyes as Alamelu Ammal (88) uttered these words.

Many more like these, including the deaf, blind and mute Sundarammal (85), are inmates of Vishranthi, a home for aged and destitute women at Tiruvanmayur. Disowned by their next of kin, unclaimed by society, these unfortunates have found a shelter in which to pass their final days in some semblance of human dignity.

Some two hundred housewives of Madras, members of the Monday Charity Club (established in 1970) saw the degrading, inhuman condition of many such miserable old women and decided to do something about it. They raised funds and established "Vishranthi", a home for the aged, in January 1978. As many as 12 destitute women have now a roof over their heads and food without having to beg or search in the roadside dust-bins.

Making agarbattis, garlands and cotton wicks keep the women busy in the Home.

The Life President of both, Monday Charity Club and Vishranthi, is Mrs. Savitri Vaithi, and she has appealed eloquently for public support.

"We are overloaded with requests for admission from pathetic vicitms of our society, but with the limited resources at our command, our mere wish alone cannot accommodate them all.

"Dr. Chinnikrishnan undertakes weekly visits to the Home. Dr. V. S. Natarajan is our honorary consultant. Besides, we have enrolled all inmates as members of the Voluntary Health Service, paying an annual fee of Rs. 6.50 each. VHS's rules do not permit free treatment for destitutes. Rules of course, are rules.

"We have formulated several plans in which both individuals and organisations can help us. They can adopt inmates, meet a day's expenses, etc. Donations to Vishranthi are exempt from income-tax."

"The Home has no limitations of concept of caste or creed. The few vessels, pictures of gods, rusted tin boxes, etc. are prized legacies brought by the destitutes! There are no fans in the building. The frail women sweat in summer and often fall sick. Mosquitoes prey upon them liberally, sucking what little blood they still have. There are not enough blankets even. We are grateful to those who contribute to the running of the Home, but we still have miles to go.

"These women do not idle away their time. They make agarbathis, sandalwood garlands stitch leaves, roll cotton wicks, and so on. But who reckons the price of a product by evaluating the efforts by forlorn invalids? Agarbathis cost us seventy paise per packet and are sold at one rupee! Competition is so stiff. We also undertake light jobs like cardboard boxes, etc."

"The old women feel elated whenever visitors come and talk to them. Gradually they have begun to feel that they too are wanted by the world which has so recently rejected them. Who knows what will become of us when we reach that age?" So goes Bama Ramanan's view point!

Vishranthi functions from No. 3, Prithvi Avenue, Madras 600018 (telephone 77433). They are eager to involve friends in the development of the Home. When the establishment is enlarged, naturally many more destitutes who are now destined to death from starvation on footpaths, can secure a fresh lease of life, and depart in peace, not in agony. Even then the number so salvaged may be a drop in the ocean, still, drops do make the ocean.

TRUE CONFESSION

WAS I BOTH MOTHER AND WIFE TO MY SON?

Sometimes I wonder how I lived with him all those years. Once he was a part of me, but now I have severed all connections. I had thought it would plunge me into the depths of depression, but strangely enough it gave me such a buoyant sense of freedom that I wondered if I lacked the maternal instinct.

I should have left him long ago, when as a young widow I was constrained to bring him up alone. A wailing, scrawny brat who wouldn't let me sleep but wailed through the night. I used to fight my way to wakefulness, still groggy with the sedatives they had given me to calm my nerves in the wake of my husband's death.

There was no one beside me then to bear my burdens. My parents I remembered vaguely because I had lost them as a child. My in-laws I recalled with greater clarity, but I could not lean on them. They had opposed me bitterly all through our run-away marriage. Now with Jagdish gone, they even blamed me for the tragedy.

I was a nurse in the same hospital where he worked — much below him in caste, creed and economic status. Yet he always had a ready smile to bestow on me.

How light and carefree were those days! A walk in the park, a drive along familiar roads. A shared cup of coffee in the long and monotonous hours of night vigil when a patient lay sinking. Our work threw us together and nature did the rest.

I still remember the day he took me home to meet his parents — the carpeted staircase where my feet made hardly any noise, his grim lipped father, the tinkle of crockery, finicky napkins, feather-light pastry and false, simulated conversation.

Later I told him, "They don't welcome me. Didn't you feel the chill?"

He didn't say anything, just pressed my hand warmly.

"I can't marry you, Jagdish. It would cause too much bitterness," I said.

"Do you think I care about them? Do you think I will sacrifice my happiness for them?" he stormed.

"They are your parents, Jagdish," I counselled. "They are incensed at my audacity to aspire for your hand."

"I don't want their money," he said. "I have my job and it is enough. We can live in comfort for the rest of our days."

That was how it was. We had a registered wedding and then a party for a few of the hospital staff. Jagdish's parents did not come to the wedding. In fact they acted as if we did not exist. In the first flush of married life, nobody seemed to matter to us.

When I learnt I was pregnant, I was suffused with a heady joy. At night I would sometimes wake and feel the new life stirring gently within me and experience a sense of wonder.

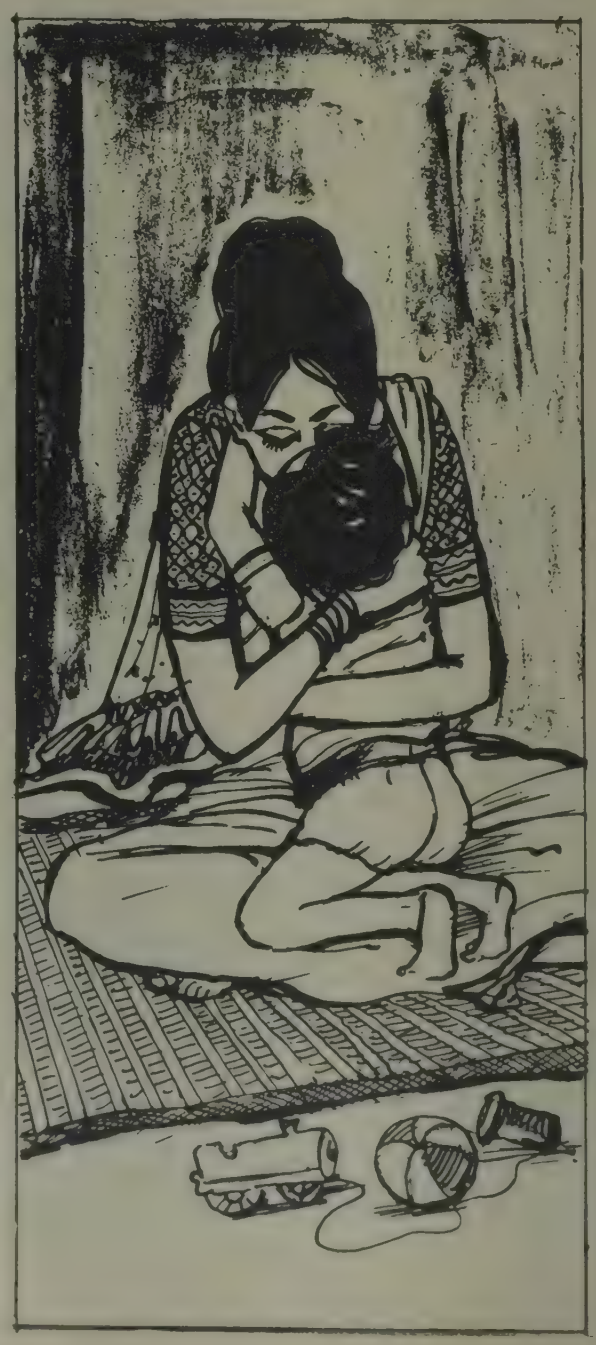
Just once the fleeting thought came unbid into my mind. Jagdish's mother had gone through the same emotional and physical turmoil of involvement with her son. She had fed him at her breast and calmed his midnight yelling. Yet, as a grown man, he had had no compunction about flouting her. When do sons grow away from their mothers, distinct and separate entities with no filial bonds to remind them that they were once encased helplessly in their mothers' wombs? This strange cycle of life upset me sorely and Jagdish coming home one day after his hospital duty, found me in tears.

He came up to me quickly, a growing alarm in his eyes.

"What's the matter Ela? Have the pains begun?"

"No," I said, with a tight, forced smile. "It is nothing."

I kept my thoughts to myself. A man would not understand the turmoil of a woman, the futility of maternal love.



"Tell me when there's the slightest discomfort," he said. "Don't hide things from me."

He was worried. It was two months too early for labour. He had seen hundreds of deliveries and knew that birth was a natural process not to be feared, but he had seen deaths too, caused by complications during pregnancy. And my case was too close to the flesh not to worry.

The pain hit us together. His was in the chest, mine in the abdomen. Towards midnight I woke with a low moan. He was instantly awake. He reached for the light switch and stopped suddenly.

"What is it?" I asked as he collapsed against the sheets.

"Nothing," he lied. "A catch I think. It will go away."

He lay still, sweating in the darkness. My pain had swept over me and gone away for the moment. I rose and switched on the light.

His face was pale and an agonised smile twisted his lips. He knew what it was then, but he didn't tell me. He had been working too hard lately on special cases which took his sleeping and waking hours.

"You better pack," he said. "You're full term now and the pains will come closer together before long."

Another spasm hit me as he said these words.

When it had passed I put some clothes in a bag. As I had turned away from him I did not see him pop the pill into his mouth. But I heard the crash of the bottle and turned sharply, to see it's splintered pieces on the floor. Just a glance told me what it was. Pills to combat heart attacks. It gave me a shock. How long had he suffered like this, in secret, not telling me a word?

"Jagdish!" I cried and was instantly near him.

"Don't worry about me," he said. "I can take care of myself. You should be admitted at once. There isn't much time."

How ironic it seems in retrospect! There wasn't much time for him. There was all the time in the world for me.

I went through twelve hours of agony on the labour table at the end of which a scrawny child was drawn out of my womb with forceps. A boundless relief swept over me. In the recovery room later, I slept the sleep of exhaustion, not caring what they had taken out of my womb. Boy or girl, it hardly mattered. The blessed relief was that it was out and alive.

I woke and stirred after my prolonged sleep. A nurse was bustling about the room, somewhat agitated. I knew her. A girl called Angela.

"Where's Jagdish?" I asked. She did not reply.

"I want to see my husband," I said.

"He's not well," she replied. Then, with a forced smile, "You have a six-pound son. Congratulations."

"Where is Jagdish? Is he at home?" I persisted.

"No," she said.

"Then where is he?"

"Wait a minute," she said. "I'll call the matron."

I did not understand why she wanted the matron. What was it the girl was hiding from me? What was she afraid of? I knew it all a few minutes later. Soon after I had safely delivered a son, they had sent a messenger to our quarters to inform Jagdish about the happy event. They had found him sprawled on the floor. Dead. Cardiac arrest, the matron said. They were very sorry.

I wept and raved all through the day. I would not be consoled. I did not want to set eyes on the child who had kept me away from my husband when he needed me beside him.

"Take the child away!" I cried, when they brought him to me, wrapped tightly. "I don't want him." Angela placed him beside me on the cot and when I saw him, the tears came and spilled down my cheeks and soaked the pillow.

My in-laws did not come to see me, but I heard from the nurses that they had taken away Jagdish's body and were giving him a decent funeral. My bitterness against them was misdirected against my only son, and for days I neglected him — not picking him up when he cried and denying him milk when he wanted it.

Gradually my aversion changed into maternal solicitude and as he grew, I began to see in his features the face of my husband. Later, in the manner he laughed, his gait, in the tilt of his head, I could see his father. It made me cry, and when in these moods, I would pick up the child and smother him with affection.

If it wasn't for him, maybe I might have married again. I was fairly pretty those days and many a young man sought my favour, but I held back from a second plunge for the sake of the child. He was all I had to remind me of my husband. The men who paid me court now did not arouse my emotions in the same way that Jagdish had. I suppose a woman loves so deeply and with such intensity only once in her lifetime. I knew that if I married again, it would be only for money or social position. I shunned both and built a cocoon of isolation around my son and myself.

It was a mistake. In school, Carl resented my smothering affection. He said it embarrassed him in front of his friends. He was not a very demonstrative child and rarely bestowed as much as a kiss on me, even in private. Maybe my over-protection set up a kind of rebellion in him because he grew aloof and distant with the passage of years.

He had no interest in the medical line. He wanted to be an engineer. More sacrifices were called for on my part as I struggled to put him through the course.

I had been mistaken in my thoughts after his birth. The relief I felt at the end of my

"HAVE YOU HEARD OF INCEST?" HE ASKED BRUTALLY. "I HAVE, AND IT MAKES MY FLESH CRAWL. WHY DO YOU THINK I WANT TO GO AWAY?"

labour pains proved to be only momentary. In reality, a mother goes on suffering right through life. Only the child is oblivious of this suffering — then, as now.

Six long years passed before he settled down to a job in another city. It was a good opening with excellent prospects for the future. It meant I could finally end my weary, working life. But when I told him, his reaction startled me. "You mean you are tagging along with me?" he asked.

"I'm your mother, remember," I said softly.

"Yes, but isn't it time I had a life of my own?"

"Of course," I said. "But where can I go? I have no one else but you."

"It's your own fault," he said. "You lived a cloistered life deliberately shunning company and living in the past."

I was angry then. "Carl," I cried. "Don't you realise what sacrifices I have made for you? I purposely kept a second marriage at bay because I was afraid of how a step-father might treat you."

"You're a fool then," he snapped. "In this world, one lives only for oneself."

"Not a mother Carl, not a mother," I said. But he did not hear me. He was busy throwing clothes into a suitcase.

"Don't you love me?" I cried. "Don't you have any emotional ties?"

"Mother," he said. "You've made me a substitute for the husband you missed."

His words gave me a shock.

"No! I cried, "No!"

"Yes," he insisted. "As a child I shied away from your embrace because it seemed vulgar to me. As a teenager I found something indecent about your embrace, something not wholly maternal. I don't know if you understand what I mean."

I was tongue-tied with embarrassment. I had not thought my own son would speak to me like this.

"Have you heard of incest?" he asked brutally. "I have. It makes my flesh crawl. Why do you think I want to go away?"

I covered my face with my hands and burst into tears.

In the end he had to take me. I had nowhere else to go. My money had run out and I had taken heavy loans for his education. We lived as mother and son, but there was this constraint between us after his damning accusations. But I thought matters would improve when he got himself a wife.

There was a young girl in his office whom he brought home quite often. I was shrewd enough to see that she attracted him. Her name was Lina and she came from a middle class family like ours, so there was no conflict of wealth or status. A marriage was quickly arranged between the two.

I personally made the guest list and managed to make it quite a large affair with the little savings we had made since he took up his employment.

I stayed on with the newly weds. For a while things worked smoothly, then the signs of tension began in the household. I could sense that Lina did not want me there. She did not say this in so many words, but her manner towards me indicated it clearly.

It incensed me that this little chit of a girl who was a stranger to us hardly a year ago, should usurp the top place in the household and aspire to push me out. It strengthened my resolve to remain. There were little flare-ups between Carl and Lina on niggling matters as the tension in the house increased.

One day, when Lina had gone out shopping to the bazar, Carl confronted me grimly, "You're just jealous of our happiness, mother," he said.

"Why should I be jealous of you?" I asked, amazed.

His eyes narrowed and he looked suspiciously at me.

"Because you never had marital happiness yourself," he said.

"You never leave us alone to ourselves for a moment. You are forever prying and snooping like an interloper in our midst."

"Carl!" I cried, shocked.

"Yes, its true," he insisted. "Lina noticed it too. She says you're sex starved."

I could not take any more. I covered my ears with my hands, rushed into the bedroom that was mine and threw myself on the bed sobbing bitterly.

One thing was clear in my mind — the pair of them looked down on me because I was not financially independent. I had to remedy that first, before I did anything else.

Out of touch with nursing, I had lost all contact with the hospital world, but I met a few old people who were still familiar with that discarded facet of my existence. These links brought news of long suffering patients who needed private nursing. I was prepared to take up any work to shed the shackles of my present life.

When I got an offer of employment, Lina was large with child. I told Carl about my decision to take up the job.

"But you can't go now mother!" he protested. "Lina needs you. With a baby coming. . ."

But I had my answer ready. "Every one has to look out for oneself. You remember saying it? So manage as best as you can."

Today I am on my own feet — happy and independent. It is a blessed relief. I should have done it long ago. I should have lived to please myself. I ought to have married again and consigned Carl to some boarding house instead of swamping him with my affection and attention. Our children do not need love any more than we parents need their support.

It is time we realised this. Or, as I wondered, do I totally lack the maternal instinct?

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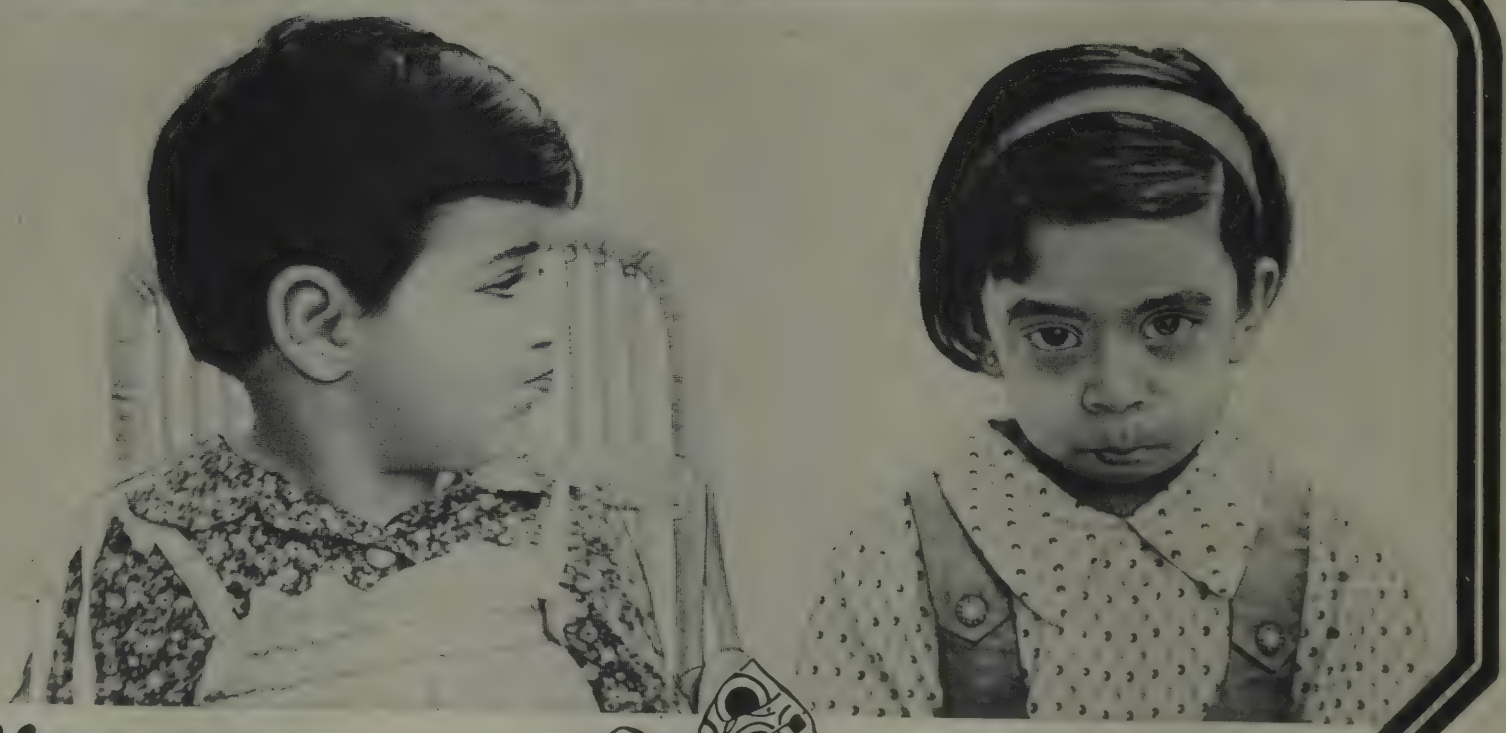

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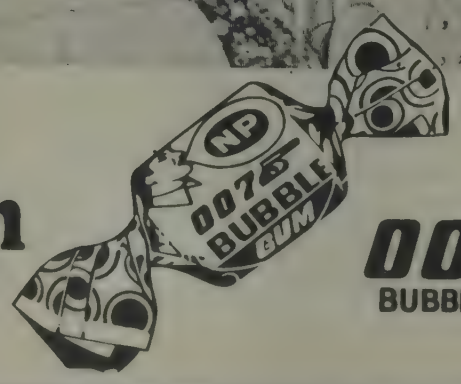

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SNUG AS A BUG...

in this warm hooded top

MATERIALS:

Raymond's Knitting yarn 'Cashmilon' 4 ply: 5 balls White, 2 balls Red 250, 3 balls Blue 229, 1 ball each Yellow 205 and Purple 254 (25 grams each). Knitting needles no. 10 and no. 11. 2 buttons to match.

MEASUREMENTS:

Length 52 cms., bust 81.5 cms.

TENSION:

7½ sts. and 9½ rows to 2.5 cms. measured over st. st. on no. 10 needles.

ABBREVIATIONS:

k. = knit; p. = purl; y. fwd. = yarn forward; st. = stitch; st. st. = stocking stitch; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; rep. = repeat; beg. = beginning; m. = make; tbl. = through back of loop; tog. = together; alt. = alternate.

BACK :

With White yarn and no. 10 needles cast on 110 sts. and work 6 rows in garter sts.

7th row: K.

8th row: P.

9th row: K. 2, * y. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 1, rep. from * till end.

10th row : P.

Now continue in st. st. as follows:

1st and 2nd rows: In Red.

3rd to 6th rows: In White.

7th and 8th rows: In Blue.

9th to 12th rows: In White.

13th to 16th rows: In Blue.

17th and 18th rows: In Red.

In next 15 rows work the given fairisle pattern working from A — B in all K. rows and B — A in all P. rows, rep. pattern till end of row. For colour indication follow the given key. Work next 2 rows in Red. Work next 3 rows in Yellow, then 2 rows in Blue and rep. the same fairisle pattern in next 15 rows, working White for White and Blue for Red, work next 2 rows Blue, 3 rows Yellow and 4 rows White.

*Work next 2 rows Red, 2 rows White, 2 rows Blue, 2 rows White, 2 rows Purple, 2 rows Blue, 2 rows Purple, 4 rows White, rep. from * once more.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 Red rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row till 88 sts. remain and at the same time work as follows: 2 rows White, 2 rows Blue, 2 rows White, 4 rows Purple, 4 rows Blue and 2 rows Red. Then rep. the fairisle pattern in next 15 rows on 85 sts., working White on Red, then work 2 rows Red, 3 rows Yellow and 2 rows Blue.

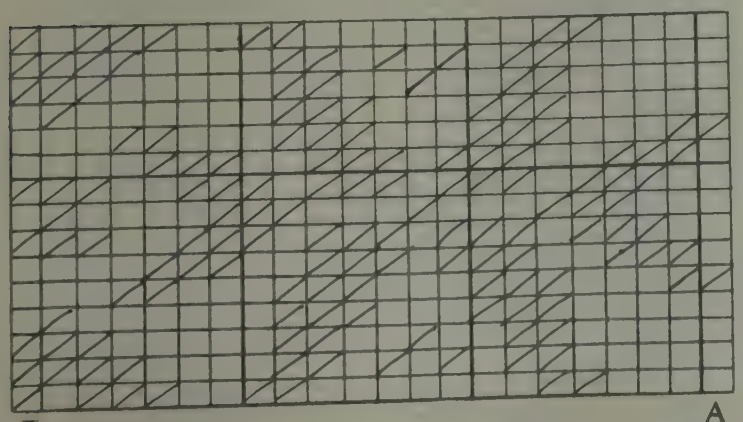
Again work fairisle pattern with White on Blue, then work 1 row Blue (right side facing for next row).

Shape Shoulders: Continue with Blue yarn and cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 8 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows.

Cast off the remaining sts.

KEY ☒ —— WHITE

☐ —— 250



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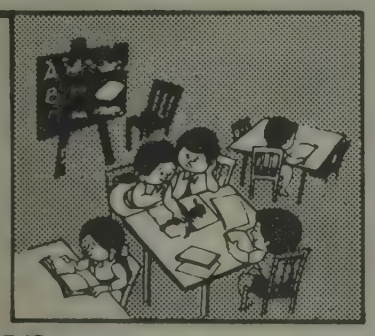

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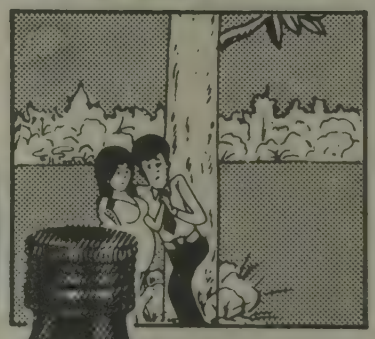

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FRONT:

Work to match back till armhole, ending with a row on wrong side.

Shape Armholes and divide for front opening :

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Keeping continuity of colours as for back.

Next row : Dec. 1 st. at each end.

Next row: P. (96 sts.).

Next row: Dec. 1 st. at beg., k. till there are 46 sts. on right hand needle, turn (leave remaining sts. on a spare needle).

Keep front edge straight and continue on the side, completing armhole shaping as for back (42 sts.). Continue straight till 3 Yellow rows, after Red fairisle pattern has been worked, then work 1 row Blue.

Shape Neck: (With wrong side of work facing). Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge in every row, till 25 sts. remain, ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder : Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next row and 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 alt. rows.

Join yarn to sts. left on a spare needle.

Cast off 5 sts. (at centre front) at beg. and work on remaining sts. Complete to match first side, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES:

With White yarn and no. 11 needles cast on 54 sts. and work 14 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

1st row : Change to no. 10 needles, k. 2, * inc. in next st., k. 7, rep. from * to last 4 sts., inc. in next st., k. till end.

2nd row: P.

Work as follows (in st. st.), inc. 1 st. at each end of 5th and every following 6th row till there are 71 sts. on the needle, then inc. 1 st. at each end of every 8th row till there are 97 sts., then continue straight.

3rd to 6th rows: Blue.

7th and 8th rows: Red.

Next 15 rows: Work fairisle pattern (on 63 sts.) working White on Red.

24th and 25th rows: In Red.

26th to 28th rows: In Yellow.

29th to 32nd rows: In White.

33rd and 34th rows: In Blue.

35th to 38th rows: In White.

39th and 40th rows: In Red.

41st to 44th rows: In White.

45th to 48th rows: In Blue.

49th to 52nd rows: In White.

53rd and 54th rows: In Red.

55th and 56th rows: In White.

57th and 58th rows: In Blue.

59th and 60th rows: In White.

61st and 62nd rows: In Purple:

63rd and 64th rows: In Blue.

65th and 66th rows: In Purple.

67th to 70th rows: In White.

Rep. 53rd to 70th rows 3 times more and 53rd to 68th rows once (140 rows).

Shape Top: With Red yarn cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (85 sts.).

3rd row: In White, dec. 1 st. at each end.

4th row: In White, p. (83 sts.).

5th row: In Blue, dec. 1 st. at each end.

6th row: In Blue, p. (81 sts.).

7th row: In White, dec. 1 st. at each end.

8th row: In White, p. (79 sts.).

9th to 12th rows: In Purple, dec. 1 st. at each end of 9th and 11th rows (75 sts.).

13th to 16th rows: In Blue dec. 1 st. at each end of 13th and 15th rows (71 sts.).

17th and 18th rows: In Red dec. 1 st. at each end of 17th row (69 sts.).

In next 15 rows work the fairisle pattern, dec. 1 st. at each end of 1st, 5th, 11th and 13th pattern rows, dec. 2 sts. at each end of 15th pattern row, dec. 1 st. at each end of next Red row (55 sts.). Work next 3 rows Yellow, dec. 2 sts. at each end of first row and 1 st. at each end of next 2 Yellow rows (47 sts.). Continue with Blue yarn, cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP:

Join shoulder seams. Set sleeves into armholes, matching pattern at front and back. Join side and sleeve seams.

Turn garter st. border at lower edge to wrong side and hemstitch in position.

HOOD:

With White yarn and no. 10 needles, cast on 90 sts. and starting with a k. row, work 4 rows in st. st.

Continue in st. st., rep. pattern from 53rd row to 70th row of sleeve and shape as follows:

Next row : (Red) K. 17, * m. 1, k. 3, rep. from * to last 16 sts., m. 1, k. till end.

(To make one st., pick up the horizontal yarn before next st on to left hand needle and k. from back). (110 sts.).

Work next 7 rows straight.

Next row: K. 17, * m. 1, k. 4, rep. from * to last 17 sts., m. 1, k. till end (130 sts.).

Continue straight till work measures 10 cms., ending with a p. row.

Next row: K. 62, k. 2 tog., tbl. k. 2, k. 2 tog., k. to end. Work 3 rows straight.

Next row: K. 61, k. 2 tog., tbl., k. 2, k. 2 tog., k. to end, work 3 rows straight.

Next row: K. 60, k. 2 tog. tbl., k. 2, k. 2 tog., k. to end. Work 3 rows straight.

Continue to dec. in next and every 4th row until 122 sts. remain, then in every alt. row till 90 sts. remain, ending with a p. row.

Next row: K. 41, k. 3 tog. tbl., k. 2, k. 3 tog., k. to end, work 1 row straight.

Next row: K. 39, k. 3 tog. tbl., k. 2, k. 3 tog., k. to end, work 1 row straight.

Continue to dec. in next and every alt. row until 70 sts. remain. Work 1 row straight.

Next row: K. 3, (k. 7, k. 2 tog.) 3 times, (k. 8, k. 2 tog.) 3 times, k. to end (64 sts.). Cast off.

Join hood seam at top. Sew cast on edge of hood to neck edge, neatly in position.

Border for front and hood:

With Blue yarn and no. 11 needles pick up along the cast off sts. at centre front, making up 9 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib, making a buttonhole in 12th row as follows: Rib 3, cast off 3, rib to end. In next row cast on 3 sts. to replace cast off sts. continue in rib, working one more buttonhole in 32nd and 33rd rows, then continue straight till border is long enough to go round the edge of hood and down the other side of front opening till where the rib border commenced. Cast off and join border in position stitching the other end to back of buttonhole border.

Sew buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

Cord: Cut 8 strands of Red yarn each measuring 108 cms. make a cord. Pass this cord through row of holes at lower edge and tie in front.

Arnavaz Dhondy

EVE'S WEEKLY / SHRI AMBIKA MILLS

Ambiqueen and Ambiprincess Contests

Beauty Contests, along with Fashion Shows have been held at Bangalore, Madras and Hyderabad. Watch out for a full report of these Shows in our issue of November 24.

Further Dates and Venues

CALCUTTA	November 14	Oberoi Grand
DELHI	November 19	Convention Hall, Hotel Ashoka
AHMEDABAD	December 4 & 5	Premabhai Hall
BOMBAY	December 11	Shanmukhananda Hall

The final Contests for Miss India and Miss Young India will be held in Bombay on December 12, at Shanmukhananda Hall.

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Naseeruddin Shah:

Lured By Commercial Cinema?

Adelaide Chand

Over the last couple of years, the name Naseeruddin Shah has become synonymous with "good performances" and "thought-provoking cinema." "As far back as I can remember, I always wanted to be an actor," he confesses. "Actually, my dream originally was to be a movie star." He certainly looks like one as he sits in the Holiday Inn lobby, wearing boots, bright green corduroys, olive green jacket, and amber-tinted sunglasses.

Naseeruddin began his career as a stage artiste, and gradually won acclaim as an accomplished performer after a series of powerful portrayals in theatre. However, Naseer says it wasn't all as easy at it sounds. "There was a period of time after I graduated from the FTII when I wasn't getting too many offers." The producers probably felt he hadn't the kind of conventional good looks required to make a successful star.

So Naseeruddin languished in near-oblivion for a while, until Shyam Benegal, then just starting out on his directorial career, gave him a much-needed break. The ease with which Naseer handled his roles in films like "Manthan" and "Bhumika", soon made the critics sit up and take notice. A pleased Benegal soon cast him again in his "Junoon". Today Naseer is all praise for Shyam Benegal, whom he describes as "one of the most realistic directors. Shyam has a terrific eye for casting. He gave me a break when I really needed one. He must have had tremendous confidence in me to have cast me in four films one after the other. I only hope I haven't let him down."

Most film buffs agree that after Amol Palekar, Naseeruddin Shah is one of the most talented actors to emerge in recent times. His chief attributes are his versatility and adaptability — his commonplace, nondescript features lend themselves easily to a wide variety of chameleon-like transformations as he switches appearance and personality with astonishing skill in every film he stars in — from the bespectacled lover in "Bhumika" to the bearded revolutionary in "Junoon", and the shaven-headed pujari in "Godhuli", no two of his roles are alike.

As an actor with a strong art film and theatre background, a number of his admirers allege that he's surrendering himself to the lure of commercial cinema by accepting superficial roles in films like "Shaayad" and Sunayana", and also by working in more than one film at a time. Naseer replies: "I have realized that at this stage of my career I can't afford to do just one film at a time, because I won't get paid enough. As I've said before, that was originally my dream — to act in commercial cinema. Now that the dream is so close to reality, I see no reason why I should change it. Moreover, one must remember that every actor needs an audience, and that by accepting roles in films like 'Sunayana' and 'Shaayad' I have hopefully managed to establish contact with a much wider section of the audience. Now those who have seen 'Sunayana' may want to go and see 'Godhuli'."

People who know him say Naseer hasn't really changed much from the days when he was a struggling young out-of-work actor searching desperately for a break. ("I didn't even have enough to eat sometimes," he grins wryly.) He still lives in a room in Khar as a paying guest, shuns the limelight, and avoids the filmi social circuit. "I have made it a point not to get too closely involved in the film industry, and for this reason I don't socialize much," he explains. "I attend a film party only if I can't escape."

Being mobbed by fans doesn't much thrill him either. "I got a kick out of being recognized in public for about a year, after that it wore off." Nevertheless, he's always polite to those fans who approach him and engage him in conversation. He also diligently reads through his stack of fan mail and replies to those letters which he considers "worthwhile."

Meanwhile, Naseeruddin fans are going to see a lot of him on screen in the coming year. He has a lot of substantial films on hand, among them Sai Paranjpe's "Sparsh" with Shabana Azmi, and Saeed Mirza's "Albert Pinto . . ." He also alternates his film roles with occasional theatre appearances. "I try to make time for the stage too, although I'm more than busy with my movies."

For a man who had his sights set on becoming a "big movie star," Naseeruddin seems well on his way to achieving that goal.

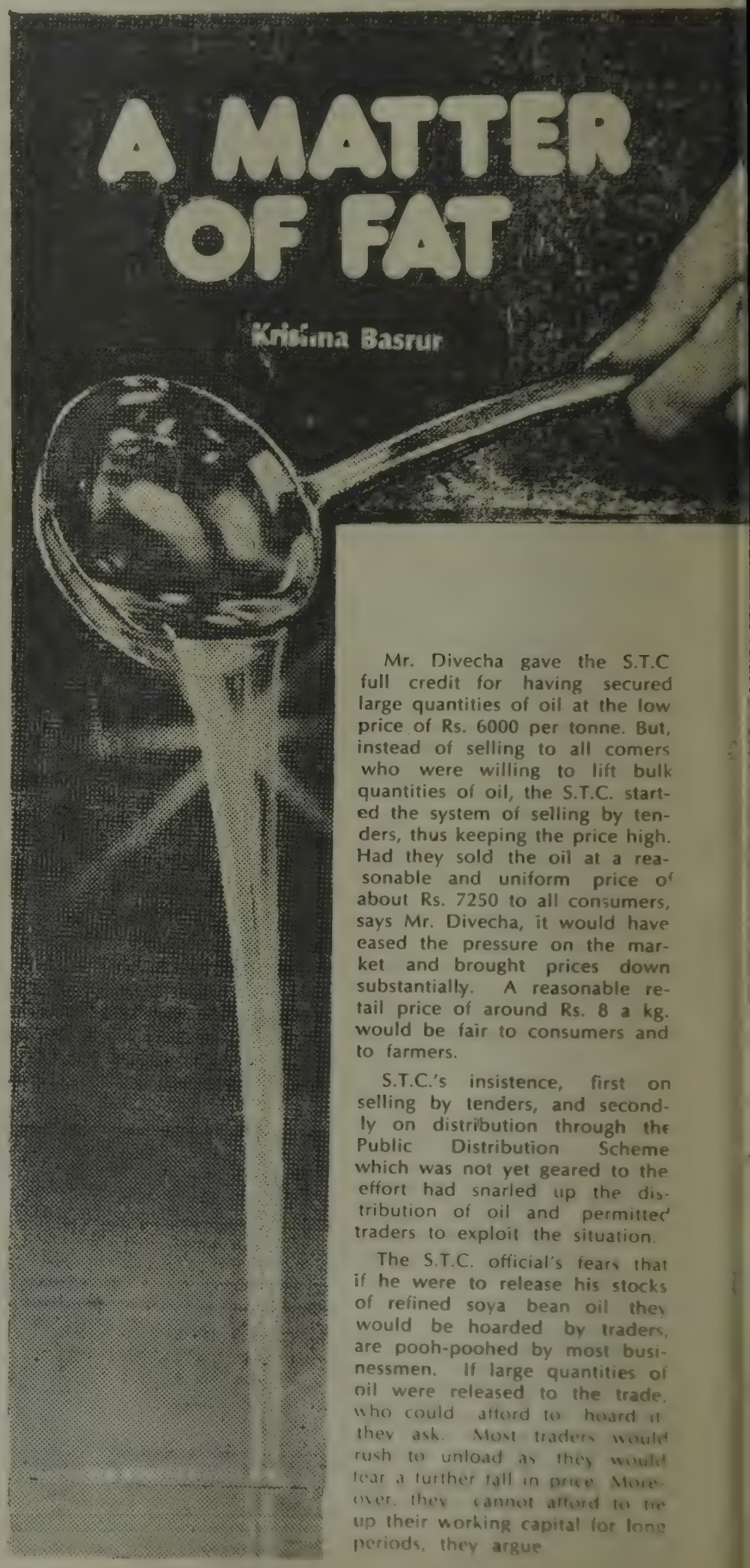
Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

CONSUMER AWARENESS

The right to safety, the right to choose, the right to be informed and the right to be heard are the fundamental rights of every consumer.

A MATTER OF FAT

Krishna Basrur



Every year, with the unfailing regularity of the changing seasons, edible oil prices begin to shoot up as the festival season approaches. This year they reached the staggering height of Rs. 13 for a kilo of raw groundnut oil, and Rs. 11 for a kilo of palmolein, well before the start of the festive season. Refined groundnut oil is being sold currently at Rs. 35.33 per two kilo tin. The housewife, hurried on all sides by the rising prices of all essential commodities, is dumbly resigned to being again taken for the annual festival ride.

Production of edible oil in India totals 24 lakh tonnes, falling short of our annual requirement of 36 lakh tonnes by as much as 1/3. To make up the shortfall of 12 lakh tonnes, Government has announced an allocation of 600 crores of foreign exchange for import of edible oils, and has decided to canalise purchase and distribution of the oil through the State Trading Corporation and the Public Distribution Scheme.

But to plan is one thing, to implement another. The Public Distribution Scheme launched by Mr. Mohan Dharia in July after long anticipation and much fanfare has still to become the control mechanism over prices that it is intended to be. To work it successfully, especially in view of the distrust and dislike with which it is viewed by the trade, requires far more intelligent anticipation of consumer needs and determination to meet these needs than is evident today.

Government's motto could almost be "Too late and too little." Those who habitually exploit every shortage without compunction and with total ruthlessness have already made their pile at the expense of even the poorest consumer while the Government and the S.T.C. have been slowly and vacillatingly planning their moves to forestall them.

R.B.D. Pamolein at Rs. 8.25 a kilo began to be distributed through fair price shops and other distribution centres, weeks after prices had reached unprecedented heights. Small wonder that it is widely believed that there is method in this madness and that there has been collusion to permit business to squeeze the consumer dry by delaying releases of oil to the market.

Office bearers and members of the C.G.S.I. met top S.T.C. officials in Bombay early in September to demand that more imported oil be released through all channels to bring down prices and meet the festival demand. The officials themselves admitted that there was a regular pattern of shortage of oil at the same time every year. Asked why, when this was so, they did not make arrangements in anticipation of the demand, they had no satisfactory answer.

The delay in releasing oil this year was ascribed to the refiners, who delayed delivery of oil given to them for refining. Since the refiners are also refining and selling oil on their own behalf this is hardly surprising. Perhaps the solution lies in Government or the S.T.C. setting up refineries to do its own refining, in competition with private enterprise.

Other reasons given were 1) delay by State government in lifting the oil, 2) S.T.C.'s own inexperience in distributing through small outlets which it has been asked to do for the first time, and 3) the fear that any oil released to the trade would be hoarded to fetch higher prices later.

We asked Mr. Ashok Divecha, Manager, Tomco, to give us his opinion as a representative of an oil company of the reasons for the high prices. Mr. Divecha was highly critical of the role played by the S.T.C. and considered this body "the main culprit responsible for the shortage of edible oils and the spurt in prices."

In 1973-74, said Mr. Divecha, per capita consumption of oil was only 3.5 kg. per annum. There was a severe shortfall of oil in the country. Because of the shortage of edible oils traders were allowed to import oil freely on Open General Licence (O.G.L.). As more and more oil came in, consumption rose to about 5.5 kg. per head. However, in December '78, Government decided to stop imports through O.G.L. and to canalise all imports through the S.T.C.

Mr. Divecha gave the S.T.C full credit for having secured large quantities of oil at the low price of Rs. 6000 per tonne. But, instead of selling to all comers who were willing to lift bulk quantities of oil, the S.T.C. started the system of selling by tenders, thus keeping the price high. Had they sold the oil at a reasonable and uniform price of about Rs. 7250 to all consumers, says Mr. Divecha, it would have eased the pressure on the market and brought prices down substantially. A reasonable retail price of around Rs. 8 a kg. would be fair to consumers and to farmers.

S.T.C.'s insistence, first on selling by tenders, and secondly on distribution through the Public Distribution Scheme which was not yet geared to the effort had snarled up the distribution of oil and permitted traders to exploit the situation.

The S.T.C. official's fears that if he were to release his stocks of refined soya bean oil they would be hoarded by traders, are pooh-poohed by most businessmen. If large quantities of oil were released to the trade, who could afford to hoard it they ask. Most traders would rush to unload as they would fear a further fall in price. Moreover, they cannot afford to tie up their working capital for long periods, they argue

Dr. Kamala Sohonie, noted biochemist and former Director of the Institute of Science, Bombay, felt that the only permanent solution to the problem of shortage of edible oil was increased production of traditional as well as non-traditional edible oils.

There were large scale plans for increasing production of oil seeds like sunflower, soyabean and kardi in addition to groundnut etc.

What has happened to these plans? she asks. She was against too much dependence on imports and strongly favoured achieving self-sufficiency in oil seeds so that consumers could get the oil of their choice. She gave the figures of the normal daily requirements of different groups of people which are as follows :

Sedentary workers	30 g.
Light ,,	40 ,,
Heavy ,,	50 ,,
Women average	30 ,,
Lactating mothers	40 ,,
Children	
1 - 3 years	20 g.
4 - 6 ,,	25 ,,
7 - 9 ,,	30 ,,
10 - 12 ,,	35 ,,

Per capita consumption in the country in 1975 was 2.5 kg. per year, she said. When the nutritional requirements of even a child of 1 to 3 years is 20 g. per day or 7.3 kg. per year, the terrible inadequacy of our edible oil supplies stands fully revealed.

In the United States, 76 g. of fat per day are considered desirable even for an adolescent.

We asked an average consumer about the edible oil shortage. He was quite positive that there was a great deal of hoarding going on, encouraged by the slowness of the Government in pumping oil into the distribution pipeline and its failure to react fast to developing shortages.

He said he had personally seen oil tins by the truck load being unloaded at Kirtikar Market in Dadar, where large scale hoarding was going on in anticipation of the festive season. Yet customers were told there was no oil. In spite of this, the authorities had neither acted against the hoarders nor released oil in large quantities to render hoarding futile.

The recent fall in sugar prices has proved beyond doubt that when adequate supplies are available, price fixation backed up by adequate action against those charging more than the fixed price can bring price stability. As sugar prices started moving up to 3.30 and more, a kg. the authorities declared a maximum price of Rs. 2.90. Following this up by raids and arrests to show that they meant business, they were able to force prices down to Rs. 2.90 a kg. again, at which price sugar is being sold by all traders today.

A similar policy of maintaining constant supplies to all comers by S.T.C. at fixed and reasonable prices, simultaneously supported by immediate action against hoarders and black marketeers, would help to ensure price stability as it has done in the case of sugar. And this policy should be followed consistently even when elections are not just round the corner as now.

FACTS ABOUT FATS

When shortages force the housewife to use new and unfamiliar cooking media, doubts may assail her about the oils she is using. Accustomed as we are to a particular flavour, we tend to look upon new flavours with suspicion and dislike. This is nothing but habit.

From the nutritional point of view, there is not much difference between the various edible oils. It has been experimentally proved that the energy provided, digestibility, absorption, and rate of growth are almost the same for all the fats. There should, therefore, be no difficulty in switching from one oil to another. In fact, in the West, where people do not particularly favour any special oil, blending of two or even three bland oils is quite common.

All edible oils are triglycerides. Three fatty acids and one glycerol molecule combine to produce a triglyceride. Though fats are solid at room temperature and oils are liquid both are made up of triglycerides. Fats are solid at room temperature partly because they contain a relatively high proportion of saturated fatty acids that have a comparatively high melting point. Oils have a relatively low proportion of fatty acids and a high proportion of unsaturated fatty acids that melt at lower temperatures. Fats rich in polyunsaturated fatty acids (PUFA) are considered more desirable from the point of view of health. These are corn oil, soya bean oil, cotton seed oil and safflower (kardi) oil, to some of which consumers have been introduced recently.

WHY POLYUNSATURATED FATS ARE SAFER

Fats have been found to affect the levels of cholesterol in the blood. Cholesterol is a normal and essential constituent of blood, but when there is an excessive output, it can get deposited under the lining of the blood-vessels, leading to the narrowing and hardening of these vessels. If the arteries supplying blood to the heart are affected, heart disease may result. Studies have shown that if more than 15 per cent of the calories in the diet come from fats, especially saturated fats like ghee, butter, mutton and chicken fat, blood cholesterol may be increased, making the person susceptible to heart attacks, especially if he or she leads a sedentary life. But vegetable oils like groundnut oil, sesame (til) oil, sunflower oil or safflower oil do not increase blood cholesterol, even when large amounts are consumed. This is because they contain polyunsaturated fatty acids (PUFA). These oils are, therefore, better for a healthy life and safer particularly for heart patients. Here is a reference table to guide you about the PUFA content of various edible oils and fats.

Fat	Acid gms %
Ghee or butter	2
Coconut oil	3
Cotton seed oil	50
Groundnut oil	28
Maize oil (corn oil)	51
Mustard oil	20
Safflower oil	75
Sesame oil	45
Vanaspati	6
Mustard (rai) oil	22
Fish oil (sandrine)	74
Sunflower oil	55

Since vanaspati is so much in use today because of its controlled price and convenience, housewives may like to hear more about it.

Vanaspati is made from vegetable oils by the process of hydrogenation, i.e. the addition of hydrogen to convert the oils into solid, or semi-solid fats. The fats so produced are neutral in flavour, have a high enough smoking temperature to make them useful for frying and have a good shortening power for baking purposes. They are, therefore, popular all-purpose fats. However, in the process of hydrogenation, a good part of the unsaturated fatty acids get converted to saturated fatty acids. Therefore, vegetable oils are considered preferable to their hydrogenated products.

Hydrogenated oils do not contain Vitamin A, which is present in appreciable amounts in yellow vegetable oils. Manufacturers therefore add 25 international units of Vitamin A and two units of Vitamin D to every gram of vanaspati.

Digestibility: All fats are slow in leaving the stomach and retard digestion. Fats with a higher melting point (49 to 55 per cent) are believed to be more slowly digested and less completely absorbed in the digestive tract than fats with a lower melting point. But this theory is now being challenged and it is claimed by some specialists that the melting point has no relation to digestibility.

Spoilage may occur on storage, especially if the fats are highly unsaturated and the conditions of storage are conducive to chemical changes. These changes are hydrolytic and oxydative (through exposure to moisture and air). Only unsaturated fats, such as oils, are susceptible to oxidative changes, which cause rancidity. Highly hydrogenated and natural

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A MATTER OF FAT

fats are relatively resistant to oxidation.

Flavour reversion is a change in edible fats that is characterized by the development in the refined material of an unpleasant flavour prior to becoming rancid. Exposure to ultraviolet light, visible light, or heating may cause flavour reversion. The fishy smell that consumers sometimes complain of in refined soya bean oil may be due to reversion, as this oil reverts rapidly, both when hydrogenated and unhydrogenated. Safflower oil also reverts rapidly and should not be bought in large tins and stored for long periods.

Prevention of spoilage. Fats are best protected against rancidity by being kept cold and by the exclusion of light and air. Because only certain rays of light catalyze the oxidation of fats, the use of coloured glass containers or cellophane wrappers that absorb the active rays will protect the fat from spoilage. Certain shades of green and yellow transparent cellophane have been found effective in retarding rancidity. Fats should also not be kept in contact with iron.

Foods with high fat content, such as fried nuts, chips, biscuits, etc. have to be similarly protected against spoilage.

Commercially, it is now a common practice to add antioxidants to fats to retard the development of rancidity.

Frying. Fats should never be allowed to smoke when frying. Smoking is an indication that decomposition of the fat is occurring. Because fats differ in their smoke-point, fats to be used for frying should be chosen on the basis of their resistance to smoking at the temperature used.

Excessive heating of fat is also undesirable. Much research is being done to determine whether or not adverse nutritional or toxic effects result when fats are used after repeated heating.

Fats may be seriously damaged when heated, to very high temperatures, over long periods of time. It is important to control frying temperatures so that the fat is not overheated. Fats should also not be used for long periods of time. Fat that has been used for frying once or twice can be strained and used for seasoning curries, and fresh fat taken for frying the next time.

Care of frying fat. Selection of a fat of high smoking temperature is the first consideration. The avoidance of overheating is another important point. Fats change with use. Used fats begin to smoke at lower temperatures than fresh fats, and the accumulation of fatty acids lowers the smoking temperature at every subsequent heating. Food particles in the fat darken it and also help to lower the smoking point further. After use, the fat should be carefully strained to remove all foreign food particles and it should be stored in a cold place away from light and air.

Foods which absorb a lot of fat while being fried are unpalatable, indigestible and uneconomical.

The factors affecting absorption of fat are:

1. The length of time of heating.

2. The amount of surface exposed to the fat.

3. The character and composition of the food.

The amount of absorption does not seem to have any relation to the type of fat used. Under identical conditions of time, temperature and type of food being fried, various fats commonly used for frying appear to be absorbed in similar amounts.

It will be seen that many of the fats now available to us — palmolein, soya bean, safflower and cotton seed are rich in PUFA and in no way inferior to those to which we are used to. If they are cheaper, we should not hesitate to buy them.

Adulteration of Oils. Oils are very easily adulterated because, being completely miscible, such adulteration cannot be easily detected by visual examination. Where an edible oil is adulterated with another cheaper edible oil, the consumer is cheated but not harmed physically. But adulteration with non-edible and toxic oils has, on occasion, caused great harm and suffering. Mixing of the highly toxic argemone oil with groundnut oil, caused severe illness in a large numbers of consumers in Pune some years ago. Transporters of oil have been known to siphon off barrels of edible oil from tankers en route, putting in cheap lubricating or mineral oils to make up the loss. Even liquid chemicals which are miscible with oils have been used as adulterants. A case of plasticizer chemical being mixed with mustard oil was detected a few years go.

Aulteration of mustard oil with appreciable quantities of argemone oil has caused epidemics of dropsy, with swelling of the limbs and glaucoma. Continual consumption of small quantities of petroleum products in edible oil may have harmful long-term effects, as they interfere seriously with the absorption of fat soluble vitamins, calcium, and phosphorus.

Five samples of groundnut oil picked up at random, by the Consumer Guidance Society of India, and sent to the Food and Drugs Administration, were all declared adulterated. The need for great caution on the part of housewives, in buying oil, cannot be too strongly emphasized. It is better to be quality-conscious, rather than price-conscious, and to spend a little more on tinned oil which cannot easily be tampered with.

Far greater vigilance than is evident now is required from the F.D.A. if the poorer consumer, who cannot afford tinned oil, is to get the protection she so desperately needs.

As regards refined, bleached and deodorized palmolein, which is currently being distributed through fair-price shops and co-operative stores, the C.G.S.I. received one or two complaints regarding its quality. Six samples were picked up from shops in different areas of Bombay for testing, by the municipal laboratory and also a reputed private laboratory. All the samples were found to conform to the government specifications for R.B.D. palmolein.

N.B. I am greatly indebted to Dr. Kamala Sohonie, former Director, Institute of Science; Dr. Bhandari, Senior Lecturer, Nirmala Niketan; and Mr. N. G. Wagle, Chartered Chemist, for much of the information used above.

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HEART TO HEART

Confide your personal problems to Dr. Mahinder Watsa, c/o Eve's Weekly. Dr. Watsa is a leading sex and marriage counsellor and will answer your queries every fortnight

DISTURBING FANTASIES

I am a college girl, 17 years old. Recently I have been having dreams about various male friends which I am ashamed to talk about. I also imagine all sorts of things which make me sexually excited. Please help me with this problem.

Your feelings are not so uncommon. Many people have sexual fantasies or dreams involving acts they would be ashamed of in real life. The important thing is not to lose sight of the vital difference between reality and fantasy. If you imagine something it does not mean that you will try the same thing in real life. You are still in control. It also does not follow that you'd enjoy the activity if you did try it.

What you can do is to see these erotic impulses for what they are — the unwanted but quite normal by-products of your inevitably over-intense feeling for some male friends who are offering you affection, understanding, comfort and loving body contact.

SHE IS WORRIED

When I was eight years old, I was forced into having sex with my servant who was 17 years. Now I am engaged. I am extremely worried — please answer these points. If the servant had a sex disease would I have contacted it? Will it effect my chances for a future pregnancy? Will my husband come to know about it? I want to avoid telling him.

You have had a very sad experience, I suspect that there are many who have undergone a similar experience but suffer in silence. Take courage and put the incident completely out of your mind. Nobody need know including your husband because no physical harm will come of it. Moreover, you have not been responsible for the act.

It is very unlikely that at that age true penetration of the vagina occurred. What possibly occurred was intercourse between the thighs, hence you need not fear any physical damage. As regards catching a disease, this is unlikely as many years have passed, and you have not shown any symptoms which would have been easily visible to your parents and would have called for a doctor's attention.

Since you are engaged, I suggest you read some good books on sex and marriage. You will realise that by sexual intercourse no damage occurs to the reproductive system and so does not effect your having babies.

Finally, you must be fearing that your hymen — a thin membrane at the entrance of the vagina — has been broken. Many have the false notion that an intact hymen is the sign of virginity. This is not so as the hymen can be ruptured by many other incidents in a girl's life. I would suggest that you select a sympathetic and understanding doctor who will not only examine you but also help you to adjust yourself to the new situation. If you do not wish to consult your parents or friends, write to me in confidence and I shall suggest you one.

EROTIC IMPULSES

THAT'S A LAUGH!

"Who's absent minded now?" chortled the professor to his wife as they were walking home from church. "You left your umbrella in the rack, but I remembered both yours and mine."

And he proudly exhibited both umbrellas.

"But, dear," protested his wife, "neither of us brought an umbrella along."

* * *

A talkative drunkard had a contortionist over at his place. The latter, out of kindness went into his act. Unable to control himself, the drunkard cried: "What's the matter? You look like I'm drunk."

* * *

Willie was careless about his personal effects. When his mother saw his clothing scattered about on the chair and floor, she asked: "Who didn't hang up his clothes when he went to bed?"

A muffled voice replied: "Adam."

A mother with five children in tow boarded a bus. They gave the conductor so much trouble that he said at the end of the trip, "Lady, you ought to leave half your kids at home."

The woman looked at him, sighed and said, "I did."

He came home very late and the wife, already in bed, greeted him icily.

"Will you just listen?" he cried. "I have a good excuse."

"Don't bother," she said contemptuously, "I can smell it from here."

* * *

A bald barber was trying to get his customer to try a hair tonic.

"How can you recommend a hair tonic when you yourself have hardly any hair on your head?" asked the customer.

"So what?" shrugged the barber. "One of my best friends sells brasseires."

* * *

After returning from his first visit to England, an American was asked what he thought of the British custom of drinking beer warm.

"I didn't like it," he said. "I think they ought to pour it back into the horses."

Think it over: After the death of Nelson, English ladies were fond of wearing the Trafalgar Square garter, on which was inscribed the memorable signal: "England expects every man to do his duty."

* * *

Someone once noted to Samuel Goldwyn, the beauty of his wife's hands.

"Yes," said Goldwyn, "she has such beautiful hands, I'm thinking of having a bust made of them."

* * *

Then there was the preacher who ended a lay speech before a group of overly serious social workers: "And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; and the greatest of these is — a sense of humour."

* * *

An old-timer is one who remembers when child guidance was something parents were supposed to administer not submit to.

Compiled by George Fegradoe

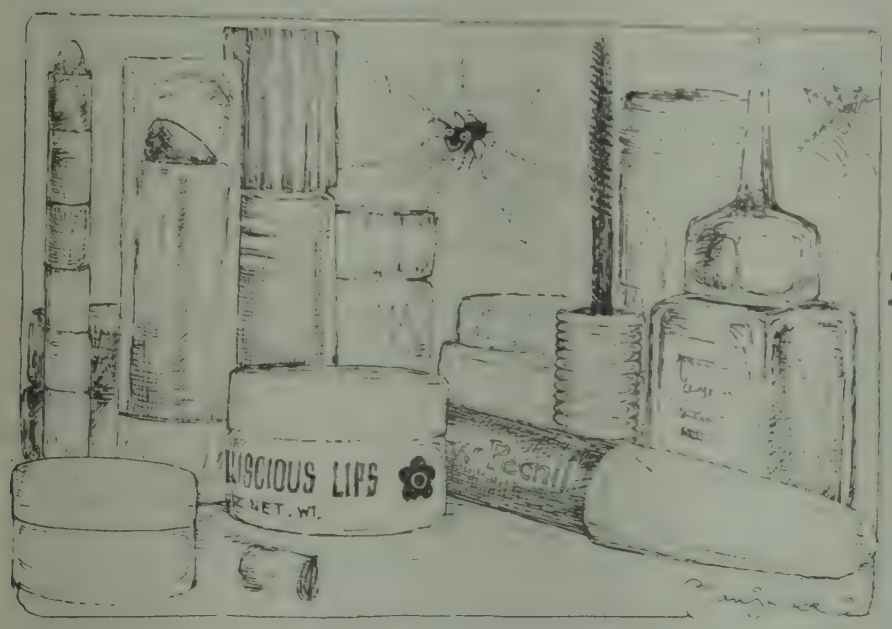
IN MY OWN WRITE

Humour, the way it is.

Many centuries ago, when I was a fat and despotic teenager, I woke up and took a look at myself in the mirror and received a terrible shock. My face. There was something fundamentally wrong with it. It was absolutely and completely stark naked.

I mean, it's not as if there had not always been something amiss with my face. The eyes were invisible, the mouth unmanageable, there were three chins too many and you couldn't see the skin for pimples — but that was commonplace. What hadn't struck me before that day, was the sheer awesome shamelessness of walking around in public without any make-up on.

Naturally, I had a little trouble convincing my mother of the need to take immediate action. Earlier she'd had to get out the strait-jacket and whips to put a dash of **kajal** in my eyes. Now, suddenly, here I was, wearing Helena Rubinstein's entire range of products before I'd even brushed my teeth.



PLEASE PASS THE VANISHING CREAM...

But my mother, like all mothers, was a wise lady. What she figured was, if I had to be wearing poison green and passion purple on the thing I called my face, I might as well learn what were the best locations for these colours. So she took me across to a professional beautician friend of hers, who spent three hours changing the course of my history. I remember it as being a rather magical day. Like one of those photo-features in teen-magazines where they take a girl, who starts out looking like a bandicoot, to the local cosmetic factory, and five hours later she comes out like she'd been born between the pages of Vogue Magazine. I kept staring at myself in car windows and shiny spoons to remind myself that the dusky cheeked (Revlon's Frosted Young Blush), mysterious-eyed (Rimmel's Moody Blue Irridescent shadow on the lower lids), long-lashed (Maybelline Fabulash vitamin enriched mascara) and lush-mouthed (Faberge's Hot Cherry) siren was really me. I didn't dare smile or breathe in case anything splintered away, and didn't wash my face for a week.

That was the wonderful fun-filled pre-liberation era when women were expected to spend sixty hours a day deciding what kind of face would go with their clothes. A myriad problems engrossed my little mind: should I curl my eyebrows? should I bleach my skin? dare I remove my ears? But easily the worst and most vexing battle of all was the one which raged over that disfiguring mass of curls on my head which masqueraded as hair. That was the age when the only way for hair to be was perfectly and absolutely and shimmeringly poker-straight. Fashionable hair was hair that curled only when ordered to. Glamorous hair was hair that remained unmoved in a typhoon. My hair was the kind that stood at right angles to the scalp even in a vacuum.

I spent nights of agony with my head hanging over the side of my bed, weighed down with jumbo brush-curlers. I poured cratefuls of beer on my unruly locks and stopped only because my parents began to think I had a drinking problem and a really idiotic excuse to explain it. I dried, ironed and steamed and sauteed and sprayed my hair until it should have been the consistency of cement concrete, all to no avail. It would go straight for about fifteen minutes. Then one tiny curl would sneak out and then another and another, until soon pandemonium would break loose and my head would be a mass of frizz once more.

By the time I was in college, I had a vast array of little pots of goo and little towers of eyeshadow and an artist's range of lipsticks and liners. I was incredibly miserly with my make-up, using an atom at a time and stealing other peoples' when I could. My major worries were: if I got caught in the rain, would my eyelashes dribble down my face (the answer is, yes); if I jumped into the swimming pool looking like Cleopatra would I come out like King Kong; **just in case** someone kissed me, would I leave my face behind on his?

Some days, there would be a line of pink sequins under my brow. Other days the entire lid would be awash with glitter powder. And on yet other days, when I was in a sober mood, I'd use only a simple wide bank of solid gold to outline my eyes. Once I stuck a small glass diamond, with glue, in the inner corner of each eye. They sparkled exquisitely in the coloured lights of the party I'd gone to and I was cross-eyed for a week. Another time I cut my nails into heart shapes and painted them black to mourn the passing of yet another young romance.

And one day I woke up and looked at my mirror and had a terrible shock. There was a strange, bizarre creature peering blearily out at me. Her cheeks were streaked with tiny gold flecks; her lips, a hideous shade of violet, were displaced from their point of origin by several inches; her eyes were a murky mess of electric blue and charcoal, and eyelashes trailed all over the place, thickly coated with tar. Scrambling for the cold cream, I scraped away the shades, washed out the frosts, excavating for my long lost features. Braving the strong merciless sun outside, I challenged the world with a face shorn of all artifice, half expecting to see little children run, screaming, from my presence.

And presto! the natural look had arrived.

A. Kaulumnisst

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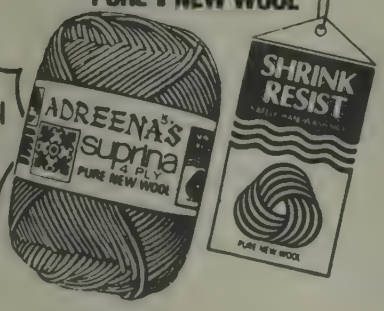

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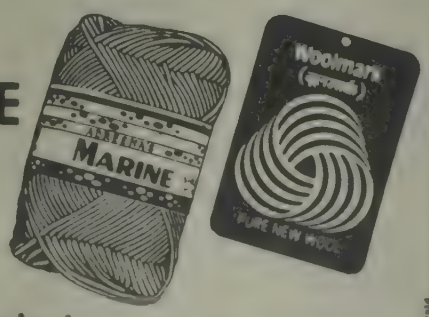

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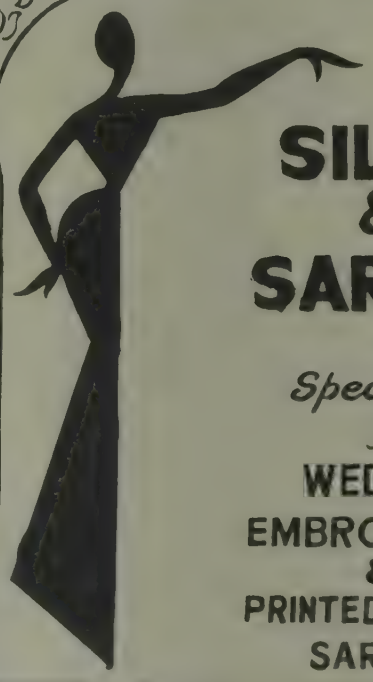

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ABORTION : THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE

Continued from page 21

But cases like this has the medical profession in jitters, and finally it is the public which suffers. MS magazine recently carried a letter from a 21-year-old woman on welfare. who had been refused tubal ligation by doctors who considered her too young to be able to make such a decision. So they threw her back into a world where contraceptives are a luxury this young woman, subsisting on welfare dole, cannot afford. It is very unfortunate that she, who for economic reasons has to practise prostitution occasionally, must be forced to live under the constant threat of pregnancy. It is a nightmare that is driving her crazy.

With such women in mind, MS editor Gloria Steinem is campaigning for the "individual's right to reproductive freedom." She finds the Right-to-Life movement repressive, and protests that they are placing political rights in the hands of religious establishments — which is absolutely forbidden in a secular democracy.

Steinem's message to American women is: If we lose the abortion fight, our long, hard battle for the self-determination and privacy of women could all have been in vain... It is a battle we must not lose. "Right-to-Life" needs to know that there are thousands of Americans rallying to protect their individual freedom and basic human rights.

Of course, sociologists and educationists agree that most of this trouble can be eliminated through proper sex-education in school — but the problem seems to be more in the home than in the school. In affluent families the parents are so busy with their social commitments, and in poor homes with their attempts to make a living, that a vast majority of American teens find themselves unsupervised most of the time. They have the house to themselves, so what is there to prevent them from availing of a natural urge? And there are no longer stray aunts, uncles, or grandparents hanging around to whom one can go for guidance or consolation.

The media is also to blame as it publicised the probability of cancer from the use of birth-control pills. And using rubbers are definitely out. For the very young, sex has to be a spontaneous act, and making any sort of preparations for it turns it into an ugly sin. Consequently, abortions become a very important necessity for some of these girls who are hardly over 14.

But, traced to its very source, some people will tell you that the issue is not abortion per se — the issue is women's freedom to choose for themselves and make decisions that affect their lives.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

FILM FOLK LAUNCH NEW PARTY

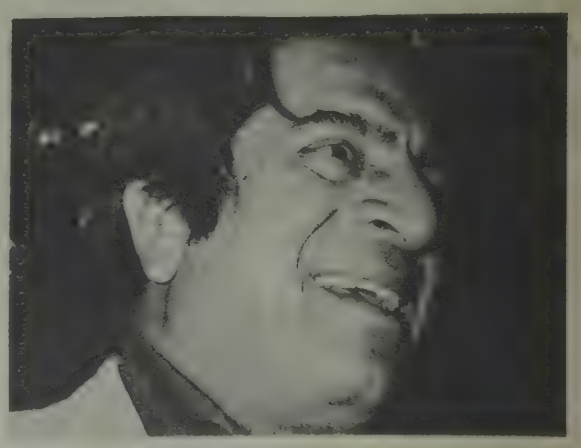
The late Jayprakash Narayan's photo hung loosely at one end of the wall of a set in Natraj Studio. At the other end was the green and silver flag of the National Party. Seated on the dais were Dev Anand, Sriram Bohra, G. P. Sippy, Upendra Trivedi of Gujarat, Prakash Mehra, Ramanand Sagar. Hema's Amma was on stage, too. Atma Ram received the guests at the entrance. The place was packed with studio workers, but stars were conspicuous by their absence. None of them turned up. I hear even V. Shantaram is backing out. There were some frenzied speeches by technicians, but the best was Goldie, who said, "We voters are responsible for our bad politicians. Why can't we choose good folks and then vote for them?" Dev claimed that an All-India search was on for the right condidates. Amit Khanna informed me that the next rally would be at

Shivaji Park. Before that I suppose they will be able to enlist lots of stars and influential people. The party, I still feel, has a future and it will catch on by and by.

▪

The bigness of "Ashoka" O. P. is trying out on the Guju movie, He had 30 extra musicians for the orchestra and is contemplating cinemascope. Back at his office-cum-home at Cuffe Parade, O.P. made publicist Raman open one cupboard after another. One was filled with application forms, the other with shawls. The room had heaps of earthenware cups and saucers. "These will be distributed to Budhist monks from all over the world on the mahurat day of 'Ashoka,' " said O. P. Right now, the progress of "Samrat Ashoka" is only some sketches, history books, historians, a lot of dust, and white ants all over. I have not stopped sneezing since my visit to O.P.'s "Ashoka House". It

O. P. Ralhan's search for a guy to play Samrat Ashoka is temporarily shelved in favour of a Guju movie that was launched with an Usha Mangeshkar-Mahendra Kapoor duet tuned by Avinash Vyas. Rita Bhaduri, Kanchan and Arvind are the stars of the movie. "I have not made six lakhs as written by you on applications for a new face to play Ashoka." O. P. said. "May be three lakhs, but that is okay, you don't need much for a Guju movie," I joked,



must be allergy to the Ashoka merchandise and not O. P. . .If it were allergy for O.P., I would have died sneezing by now.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

Bombay Jaycees and the Family Welfare Unit BMC Prabhadevi Maternity Home jointly arranged an orientation training camp on Family Welfare, at Prabhadevi Lower Primary Marathi Municipal School. Elected representatives, slum leaders, teachers, youth clubs, mahila mandals, voluntary organisations like Lions, Rotary, Giants, Jaycees were brought together at the camp. An audio-visual show on family welfare was also presented at the camp.

* * *

The Society for the Education of the Crippled (Child and Adult) has sponsored a child art exhibition which will be held at the Coomaraswamy hall from November 12 to November 15 from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

The Society helps to run the S.E.C. Day school which is mainly for very poor crippled children. The Society provides them with free transport, nutritious meals, physiotherapy treatment, uniforms etc. The Society has been helped by Mrs. Sarla Kothari's students who have raised funds for the crippled children by painting greeting cards this year. Over two lakh cards were sold. The child art exhibition will feature paintings and drawings done by Mrs. Kothari's pupils.

* * *

A group of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh's sannyasins put up a full-scale production of William Shakespeare's comedy "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Bhulabhai Desai Auditorium recently.

Swami Anand Anutosh, a 35 year-old English sannyasin with a great deal of professional acting experience, including performances with Britain's National Theatre and the Royal Shakespeare Company, gathered a few friends together and they began to rehearse "A Midsummer Night's Dream". A permanent theatre group was then established, and acting became the full-time meditation technique for about twenty sannyasins. Many others contributed by designing and making costumes, building the set and composing music.

At the Shree Rajneesh Ashram in Pune, a wide range of creative activities are undertaken by Bhagwan's sannyasins as their daily meditation, namely weaving and pottery, making musical instruments, jewellery, furniture and children's toys, designing and publishing the books that contain Bhagwan's discourses, and simple tasks like gardening and cooking.

The first major exhibition of their work was shown at the Hotel President in Bombay earlier this year. One of the highlights of the exhibition was a fashion show of originally designed clothes.

* * *

A spectacular Fashion Fare was organised by Hotel President recently to enable Diwali shoppers to buy and select gifts and items which were effectively displayed under one roof. The Fare presented the latest ladies' and men's fashion garments, fabrics, sarees and other related accessories such as cosmetics, jewellery and leather goods within the reach of an average budget.

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1. Maharashtra Health Minister Dr. Pramila Tople greets Dr. Diwan Harishchand, recipient of the Dhanvantari Award 1979 for the most outstanding medical man of the year. Looking on is Dr. B. K. Goyal, President, Dhanvantari Foundation.

2. Beauty expert Shahnaz Husain presents a bouquet to Mrs. Naz Mahmood at a meeting of the Inner Wheel Club, Delhi where she spoke on beauty and skin care.

3. Pop singer Indira Srinivasan, a delegate to the Indian Food Festival in Nairobi is being seen off at Bombay airport by Mr. M. Y. Butt, Area Manager, Kenya Airways.

4. Mrs. Ranjit Surve (3rd from left) and guests are seen at the opening of "Tho Thweet" boutique in Bombay.

5. Two Tamil poetry books for children were released by Tamil Nadu Chief Minister Mr. M. G. Ramachandran at Bharathia Vidya Bhavan, Madras. Photo shows the author, R. Saraswathi with the Minister.

The Fare also provided beauty demonstrations sponsored by Max Factor.

* * *

The Bombay Booksellers and Publishers Association held a Bombay Book Fair at the Cross Maidan, Prof. S. S. Varde, Minister for Education, (Maharashtra) inaugurated the fair and Mr. Rajabhau Chimbulkar, Mayor of Bombay, presided over the function. Dr. (Mrs.) Madhuriben Shah, Vice Chancellor S.N.D.T. University, was the chief guest.

* * *

"Tho Thweet", a boutique that offers exclusive children's and ladies' wear, soft toys and a variety of sarees was opened recently by Mrs. Ranjit Surve and Kapurchand and Co. The boutique is situated at the Roxy cinema building, New Queens Road.

* * *

An exhibition of paintings by aspiring amateur artists was held at the Taj Art Gallery. The artists were Naini Setalvad, Meena Jain, Aarti Jain, and Quareshi Basarai.

DELHI

The Lions Club Mid-Town, Delhi, organised a Bharata Natyam recital by Anshumala at the Kamani Auditorium. Anshumala, who received her training at the Triveni Kala Sangam, is one of the up and coming dancers of Delhi. Mr. Rabi Ray, Union Minister for Health and Family Planning, was the chief guest on the occasion.

* * *

An Indian cricket team consisting of 17 young ladies left for Holland, South America and the Caribbean. They will be playing a series of matches against the local ladies' teams. The India Club's cricket team is made up of women from the cities of Bangalore, Bombay, Madras, Indore and Pune.

CALCUTTA

An exhibition of paintings entitled, "Asian Children" was held at the Academy of Fine Arts. The paintings represented the children of Asian countries, bringing out the quality of innocence and wonder that is typical of childhood, caught by the brush of Tauneyo Kaneda of the Arts Institute of Tokyo. The portraits were both in oil and water colours.

BANGALORE

The Old Students' Association of the St. Joseph's College of Business Administration (OSABA) organised a day-long seminar on "Women and National Development" under the Presidentship of Dr. (Miss) P. Selvie Das, Director of Collegiate Education. Mrs. Shakuntala Balu gave the opening address. Mrs. L. Sankar was moderator. The speakers were Mrs. Kusum Nayak, Usha Nagaraj, Dr. Thangam Joseph, Rima Kashyap and C. Sharada, who spoke on Women in Industry, Women in Banking, Women and National Health, Women in Media and Journalism and Women in Social Welfare respectively. The seminar was organised by the OSABA committee members.

* * *

A Goan Food Festival was arranged at Hotel West End amidst a gay Goan setting. According to the Sales Manager, Mrs. Priya Mascarenhas, this is the first among a series of such food festivals planned by the hotel.

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6. A function was held to felicitate Miss Vina Amin (2nd from left), Principal of Rao Bahadur Ranchhodlal Chhotalal Kanyashala for 21 years, in Ahmedabad. Also seen are Mr. Chinubhai Chimanlal and Miss Violet Shaw.

7. Mrs. Urmila Kanoria, Trustee of the Creative Arts Fund, garlanding Kumudini Lakhia at a Kathak performance at Kala Mandir, Calcutta.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK NOV. 11 — NOV. 17
John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A year of happy surprises. Good news sets you on a lucky and enjoyable trail. The new will avail you more than the old and familiar. Uranus and Sun, closely linked in your chart, indicate this. There will be surprises in friendships too, but not all pleasing to you. You must assess relationships and not waste time on "lost causes," unreliable people, or those who take all and give little. Ally yourself with folk who stimuate you. Don't get too closely involved with the staid and pessimistic types who cannot adjust their ideas to changing times. "You'll begin something new," is the main message your stars give, and this could include a sudden and passionate attachment which turns out a great success.

ARIES
(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

Life should be very enjoyable, with plenty of stimulation. A rather lucky period, lasting for some time, which can push ahead your aims and ambitions. Travel is well starred.

TAURUS
(Apr. 21 — May 21)

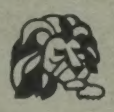
A rather easy-going week, with romance and interesting business propositions. But don't begin a fresh endeavour for a few weeks. Unexpected snags and delays will arise between late November and mid-December.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

Restless stars may involve you in time-consuming non-essentials. Let others call the tune, rather than try to take the lead and control an extravagant mood! A good time for domestic matters, but not for changes.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

Changes will work in your favour, so don't try to resist them. Push ahead with reorganisation at home or in business. A progressive week with a nice link between money and home life. Buy now as you won't get such good terms in December.



LEO
(July 24 — Aug. 23)

You will be able to arrange things to suit you, and some effort and enthusiasm could get loose ends out of the way. In working life, your ideas influence others, improve your position. Domestically, younger relatives have a happy role to play.

VIRGO
(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

For several months you will be living life to the full, enjoying both fun and progress. Be adventurous, cultivate the new, push on with matters already in the pipeline. Journeys and interviews are favoured this week, also activities involving relatives.

LIBRA
(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

Behind the scene activities work to your benefit. A good week to go after what you want, to make contacts. Don't be afraid to ask a business favour or to seek support from relatives. If single, happy meetings.

SCORPIO
(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Fortunate encounters may promise romance, but it is business/money matters that are favoured this week. For reorganisation, the next month is favourable. Don't fret if news, payments, an invitation are delayed; they are on the way.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

Several stars in your sign are favourable to your ambitions. This week you will get an idea of how matters are going to progress in the months ahead. Splendid for romance and the social life.

CAPRICORN
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

Good chance of achieving a special ambition. Your stars favour unexpected help for hopes and wishes. A happy social scene, with a new friendship proving lucky to you.

AQUARIUS
(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Mars is about to move out of oposition to your sign, the last of a series of difficult transits which have made life difficult for some time past. This week brings news or a meeting which clarifies future plans and ambitions. There are happier conditions emotionally.

PISCES
(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Not a week to be careless with your cash or your heart! Being happy-go-lucky in financial matters and too trusting emotionally is not the right policy at present. Many will want to impose upon you. If married, a fortunate time for your partner, however!

RANDOM THOUGHTS OF A RECENTLY BEREAVED WIDOW

THE RITUAL

On the fourteenth day after your death
Rituals were performed
of various types.
The rice-balls were placed on plantain leaves
with Tulsi and sesame seeds.

I stood and watched
Lonely, sad and unbelieving.

My first-born did her 'kriyas' perform
with water and other auspicious things.
Others followed suit. . .
Poured thrice the water on the sacred leaves.

I stood and watched
Lonely, sad and unbelieving.

They did clap in unison
for the crows to come and peck the balls of rice. . .
Clapped and clapped in vain.

I stood and watched
Lonely, sad and unbelieving.

My mother-in-law did raise her tear-stricken face
and beckon me gently to the place.
"Pour some water, dear," she implored.

With quivering hands I did.
Hardly had I moved away
When from nowhere (so it seemed)
crows did come to peck and pick.

I stood and watched
Lonely, sad. . . but believing.

Beloved One, are you listening?

Beloved one, are you listening?
It is heart-breaking
the realization
that after nineteen years of togetherness
I know not your whereabouts.
You told me to write every night
I did. . . and still do.
But how long can I carry on like this
when from you there is no response?
"Where's my letter?" used to be my query
and the familiar writing would smile in reply.
But today?
Tears prick my eyelids on seeing the postman. . .
He's no longer a welcome sight.

Nalini Chandran

'A stylish shirt . . . that's where it all begins.'
—Zeenat

A man's attraction, a woman's affirmation... in Original Creations from Modi Shirting

A man's shirt speaks for him. No matter what the occasion or the weather, he wants to give expression to his uniqueness. For him, Modi Shirting create 40 originals in Terene/Viscose and Terene/Wool blends every month. An unsurpassable variety in colour and design.

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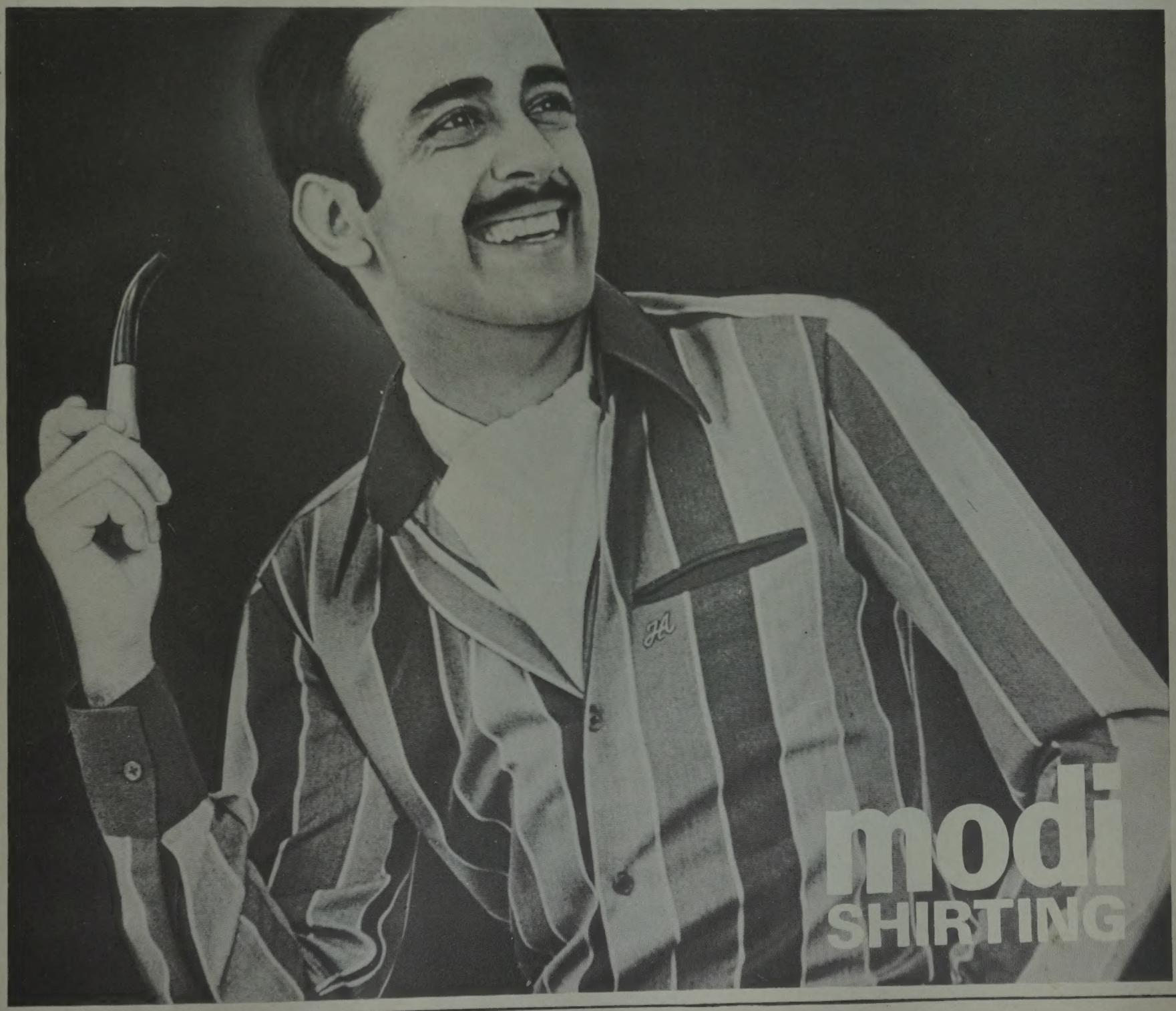

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